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HISTORY

OF THE

FRENCH PROTESTANT REFUGEES,

FROM THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY CHARLES WEISS,

Professor of History in the Bonaparte Lyceum, Paris.

Translated from the French by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, Esq. With an Appendix, from the pen of an eminent American Historian and Statesman, giving a full and complete History of the French Protestant Refugees *in the United States*, their effect upon the country and its history; the characteristics of their descendants, their influence upon the formation of our present national institutions, their names, localities, histories, &c., &c. Illustrated with an accurate portrait on steel of the cruel and intolerant Pope Pius V., and a fac simile of the memorable medal struck by that celebrated Pontiff, Gregory XIII., *in honor* of the participants in the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew.

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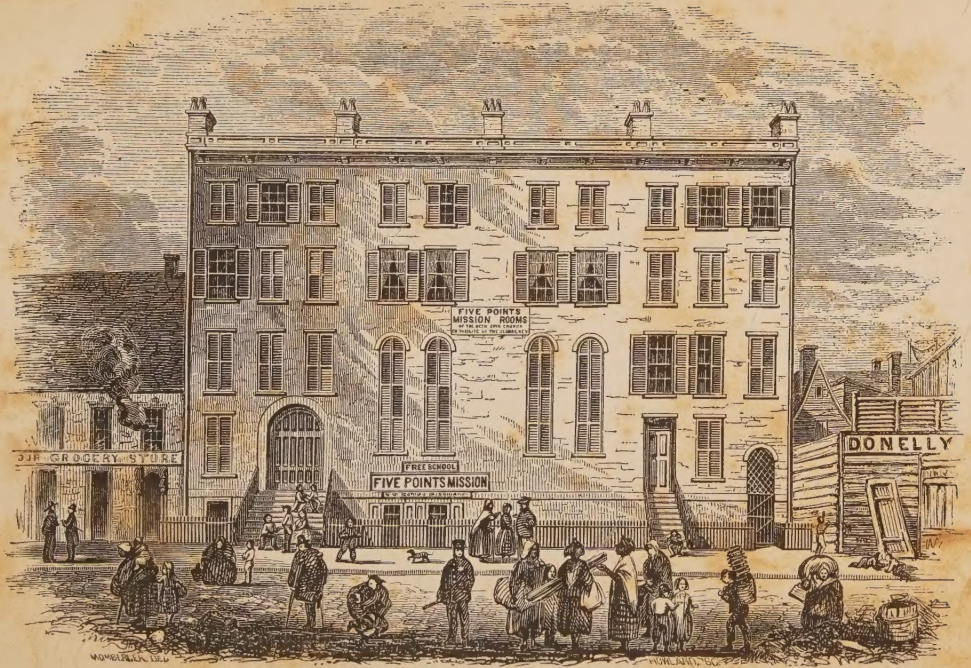

THE NEW MISSION HOUSE AT THE FIVE POINTS.

THE

OLD BREWERY,

AND THE

NEW MISSION HOUSE

AT

THE FIVE POINTS.

By Ladies of the Mission.

All speech and rumor is short lived, foolish, untrue.
Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully is eternal.
Stand thou by that, and let Fame and the rest of it go prating.
CARLYLE.

1322

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PREFACE.

A CLERGYMAN, full of worldly wisdom, or philosophy falsely so called, asked the Duke of Wellington, who had resided some years in India, whether he thought it likely that the preaching of the gospel to the natives of that country could do them any material good. "That, sir," replied the old soldier, "is none of your business. How reads your commission? Go preach the gospel to every creature."

The clergyman had been making his calculations aside from the great commission. He had been estimating the probabilities of success upon philosophical principles; and he found that according to the general experience, in relation to cause and effect, the gospel was not adequate to the conversion of the natives of India. But he had lost sight of the gospel commission, and of Him who gave it. He forgot that it was written, "not by might nor by power" in the Messengers, is the gospel to accomplish its design, "but by my spirit saith the Lord." He who ordained his gospel to be the means of deliverance from the guilt, power and consequences of sin, whatever be the condition of the sinner, accompanies it with a power unknown to human philosophy, and makes it adequate to the end he has proposed. Of this truth, the success which has already crowned the efforts of the Mission at the Five Points, adds one more to the many glorious demonstrations which are found in the history of the Church.

Much as the world is indebted to the learned labors of the great and good, who have defended revealed religion against the assaults of infidelity, it still remains for Christianity to make its way to the hearts of men by an appeal to individual consciousness—to show its adaptation to the universal want, and earnest cravings of human nature; and the most irresistible evidence of this is its effects, wherever it is received in the love of it; even upon those who have strayed farthest from God and holiness. Every human being seeks happiness. It is not a matter of calculation or choice, but an instinct of his nature. Many err as to the means, but all have the end in view. Now all human experience, as well as sound reasoning, testifies that no earthly possession or enjoyment confers abiding happiness—that riches, honors, power, and sensual gratifications are unsatisfying even in the possession, and are moreover uncertain in their continuance. They do not confer peace and tranquility of mind; but harrass the possessor with care and anxiety. And then the fear of death is so terrible that men are compelled to drive it from their minds by immersing themselves in worldly business, pursuits and pleasures. It is not right to say that they find no real enjoyment in these things. All we say is, that whatever of pleasure they afford is temporary, and always leaves behind it either the sting of guilt, or a sense of mental weariness and exhaustion. The spirit's cravings are not met, and the soul still cries, "I know not what I want, but I feel that I am wretched." But,

> "—— Grant to life, and just it is to grant
> To lucky life, some perquisites of joy.
> A time there comes, when, like a thrice told tale,
> Long rifled life of sweet can yield no more
> But by our comments on the comedy:
> Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain'd,
> Or purposed emendations where we failed."

Alas! who can derive pleasure from reflections on the comedy of a life, where all has been devoted to objects, foreign, if not hostile, to the interests of the immortal being within him:—that which will survive the body; and to secure the eternal welfare of which his probation on earth was assigned?

To meet this essential, instructive, universal desire of happiness—this earnest craving of the soul, the Holy Scriptures present to us a God who is essentially "Love," who has manifested his love to man, in providing for him a sure way to happiness—solid, abiding happiness. A happiness not dependent upon any outward thing, or any physical condition of life; but the same to the rich and the poor, the exalted and the lowly; the man rejoicing in health, and the son of affliction. We must suppose a time in eternity when God existed alone. When there were neither angels nor men to proclaim his glory. But he was then, as he is now, the holy, happy God; needing not the worship of Angels or men to add to his happiness. If then he put forth his creating energy, and made Angels and men, it was the effect of his love. He proposed to impart to them, some portion of his own happiness, by imparting to them, some portion of his own holiness. Hence it is that holiness and happiness have been from the beginning inseparably united. God is love, and loves the whole family of man better than any earthly parent loves his children. He, therefore, who dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, for God is love.

Nor is love, as it constitutes an essential attribute of God, a mere feeling, or emotion, or sentiment. It is beneficence going forth throughout creation in acts of benevolence and goodness. If, then, any are unhappy, it is because, that in the exercise of their freeagency they resist his will, and perversely insist upon seeking happiness where it is

not to be found. God is, nevertheless, Love; and not only is he governed by love in his administration and providence; but he has made every religious and moral duty which his law requires, to consist in its exercise. Love is the fulfilling of the law. And the requirements made of man in the Gospel are summed up by our Lord in the love of God, and our neighbor; not in the sentiment, or emotion, but in the actual working of it. "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." "Let us not love in word, nor in tongue, but in deed, and in truth." "He, that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is, that loveth me."

But the population at the Five Points; the utterly abandoned, profligate refuse of humanity in those dens of iniquity at the Five Points, did the pious Ladies, who instituted a mission among them, believe that God still loved such as these? Yes; nothing else could have induced them to enter upon their mission of mercy but this conviction; and it was a conviction founded on the whole history of redemption. We read, "God so loved the WORLD, that he gave his only begotten son, that WHOSOEVER believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, what was the condition of the world, when this unspeakably, glorious manifestation of love was made to mankind. The whole world —all the inhabitants of the earth, except in the little territory of Judea, had renounced the authority of the true God, did not retain Him in their thoughts; but had made to themselves gods of silver, of gold, of wood, and of stone, and some worshipped four footed beasts and creeping things. And as to their moral conduct, what a horrible description does the Apostle give of it in his Epistle to the Romans And, as to the exception to this general defection, the inhabitants of Judea, though they acknowledged the true God

in their service, they drew nigh to him with their lips, while their hearts were far from him. "They made void the law of God through their traditions, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Yet, this was the world into which the only begotten of the Father, full of truth and grace, came on his errand of mercy. For such a world as this, he offered himself as a lamb without spot, unto God, that he might redeem those who were otherwise without hope. Did not this sacrifice for sin, include all classes of sinners, even such as those at the Five Points. Verily *whosoever* believeth on Him, shall not perish.

Let us look a moment at this manifestation of divine love And, to do so, let us imagine ourselves in Jerusalem, just prior to the advent. The Jews expected the Messiah about this time. The prophecies concerning him, pointed unmistakably to this age of the world as the time of his coming. We should have inquired who is this Messiah; and should have been answered, "A Messenger from Heaven." Who would not have been alarmed at this announcement? Ever since the fall, man has been afraid to hear from heaven; and we should have remembered, too, that for the wickedness of the world, God did afore-time sweep it with a flood; only eight of the human family being spared. And, what now is the state of the world? Are not its inhabitants in open rebellion against their rightful sovereign? What then, will be the Message from Heaven? What new species of punishment does God design for a race which neither mercy nor judgement hath reclaimed? But hark! Some Shepherds have arrived, who declare, that as they watched their flocks by night, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the Angel of the Lord said unto them, fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,

which shall be unto all people; for unto you, is born this day, in the City of David, a SAVIOUR, which is Christ, the Lord. It is a Saviour then, not a messenger of vengeance who has come from heaven, and straightway we join the song of the multitude of the heavenly host who were with the Angel, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace; good will toward men."

This, then, is the great secret of success in Christian Missionary effort. God is love: loves all the creatures he hath made. "All are concluded under sin, for that, all have sinned." They are guilty; he offers pardon; they are polluted; he has provided the means of purification; their moral powers are weak; he has provided supernatural aid:—he giveth the Holy Spirit to them that ask him; strengthening with all might and power in the inner man. He is love, and his mercy extends to all. It sweeps close down to the gates of hell, saving all who consent to be saved.

The following pages will show that the success which has crowned the efforts of the Five Points' Mission has been produced by a conviction of the foregoing truths, and a practical application of them in the means used for the reformation of the vicious population of that district. The love of God is not an emotion, or feeling only, but active beneficence; and so is this love, when "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us." It follows the example of our Lord, "seeking and saving them who are lost." The Ladies of the Mission convinced those to whom they Ministered that they were still the objects of their Heavenly Father's love; and that he had put it into their hearts to love them, and do them good. This effectually opened a door to the Mission. They entered their filthy, dark, and dreary hovels, and, under their active beneficence, such places became comfortable abodes. Especially were the sick cared for, and attended,

Bodily comforts were supplied, and prayer and exhortations followed. The children were fed and clothed. A chapel and a Missionary Minister were provided. A day and a Sabbath school were opened. The hardest hearts were melted under such manifestations of love. The schools were filled with children; and the chapels with the adult population. The thrilling incidents recorded in this little book, exhibit cases of reformation which no human philosophy can explain or account for. And they are not fictitious stories; but facts, the truth of which hundreds are ready to attest—all going to prove that the Gospel is still as in the beginning, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

We have only to add, that whatever profits may arise from the sale of this book will be applied to the support of the Ladies' Mission at the "Five Points." We hope the sale will be extensive and rapid; not only for the sake of the Mission, but because we think it cannot be read without edification.

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THE OLD BREWERY,

AND THE

NEW MISSION HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

NOW AND THEN.

Before presenting a picture of the Five Points in the days of its "bad pre-eminence," it may not be uninteresting to look at it ninety years since, as we find it in an old map* of the city of New York, as surveyed in 1766, and 1767. On this map, dedicated to "Sir Henry Moore, Captain General and Governor in and over his Majesty's Province of New York," we see Fresh Water Pond on this spot. Broadway then terminated at Duane street, and the Hospital was in the country. Orange street ran on the margin of the pond which prevented Queen, now Pearl street, from pursuing its present course. From this pond which extended towards Canal

* Now in the possession of The New York Society Library.

street, flowed a creek which ran through Lispenard's meadows. Most suggestive of the repose that reigned here is the law passed in 1733, to preserve the fish in Fresh Water Pond. The first records of human history, in this place are stained with blood, and the successive scenes of life here, have not been out of keeping with the opening tragedy. In 1741, when there were in New York but twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom one sixth were slaves, the celebrated "negro plot" occurred, and a great panic was created by frequent fires and robberies. Of the 174 persons who were committed to prison, thirteen negroes were burned at the stake, at the intersection of Pearl and Chatham streets, and twenty were hung (one in chains) on an island in Fresh Water Pond. Only the poorest class of houses were built on the low, marshy grounds in this vicinity, already claimed by poverty and crime.

When Broadway was continued and opened through Thomas Randall's property, (called the Sailors Snug Harbor,) to meet the Bowery, the hills were levelled and carted into Fresh Pond till, it became dry land. But as again in 1842, we see this place through the eyes of an observant foreigner, it would seem to cry aloud, for its ancient waters to cleanse it from the pollution and degradation of man's presence.

"Let us go on again," says Mr. Dickens, in his walks about New York,* "and plunge into the Pive Points. But it is needful first, that we take as our escort these two heads of the police, whom you would know for sharp and well-trained officers, if you met them in the Great Desert. So true it is that certain pursuits, wherever carried on will stamp men with the same character. These two might have been born and bred in Bow street.

This is the place: these narrow ways diverging to the right and left, and reeking every where with dirt and filth. Such lives as are led here, bear the same fruit here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors have counterparts at home and all the wide world over. Debauchery has made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of these pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all-fours? and why they talk instead of grunting?

So far, nearly every house is a low tavern, and on the bar-room walls are colored prints of Washington and Queen Victoria, and the American Eagle. Among the

* "American Notes."

pigeon holes that hold the bottles, are pieces of plate glass and colored paper, for there is in some sort a taste for decoration even here. And as seamen frequent these haunts, there are maritime pictures by the dozen: of partings between sailors and their lady-loves; portraits of William of the ballad and his black eyed Susan; of Will Watch, the bold smuggler; of Paul Jones the pirate, and the like: on which the painted eyes of Queen Victoria, and of Washington to boot, rest in as strange companionship as on most of the scenes that are enacted in their wondering presence.

What place is this, to which the squalid square conducts us? A kind of square of leprous houses, some of which are attainable only by crazy wooden stairs without. What lies beyond this tottering flight of steps that creak beneath our tread? A miserable room lighted by one dim candle, and destitute of all comfort, save that which may be hidden in a wretched bed. Beside it sits a man; his elbows on his knees: his forehead hidden in his hands. "What ails that man?" asks the foremost officer; 'Fever,' he sullenly replies, without looking up. Conceive the fancies of a fevered brain in such a place as this!

Ascend these pitch-dark stairs, heedful of a false

footing on the trembling boards, and grope your way with me into this wolfish den, where neither ray of light, nor breath of air, appears to come. A negro lad, startled from his sleep by the officer's voice—he knows it well—but comforted by his assurance that he has not come on business, officiously bestirs himself to light a candle. The match flickers for a moment, and shows great mounds of dusky rags upon the ground, then dies away and leaves a denser darkness than before, if there can be degrees in such extremes. He stumbles down the stairs, and presently comes back shading a flaring taper with his hand. Then the mounds of rags are seen to be astir, and rise slowly up, and the floor is covered with heaps of negro women, waking from their sleep: their white teeth chattering, and their bright eyes glistening and winking on all sides with surprise and fear, like the countless repetition of one astonished African face in some strange mirror.

Mount up these other stairs, with no less caution (there are traps and pitfalls here for those who are not so well escorted as ourselves,) into the housetop; where the bare beams and rafters meet overhead, and calm night looks down through the crevices in the roof. Open the door of one of these cramped hutches full of sleeping negroes. Bah! They have a charcoal fire

within, there is a smell of singeing clothes or flesh, so close they gather round the brazier; and vapors issue forth that blind and suffocate. From every corner, as you glance about you in these dark streets, some figure crawls half-awakened, as if the judgment hour were near at hand, and every obscure grave were giving up its dead. Where dogs would howl to lie, women, men and boys slink off to sleep, forcing the dislodged rats to move away in quest of better lodgings.

Here too are lanes and alleys paved with mud knee-deep; under-ground chambers where they dance and game; the walls bedecked with rough designs, of ships, and forts, and flags, and American Eagles out of number; ruined houses, open to the street, whence through wide gaps in the walls, other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show; hideous tenements which take their name from robbery and murder: all that is loathsome, drooping and decayed is here!"

Thus as delineated by a careful observer whose quick eye noted the details that make the *tout ensemble* of horrors, is this spot brought before us. Was there no remedy for all this sin and wo? No "lever" to "stay the growing avalanche of sin?" apparently there was none. Six years from the time of Dickens' visit pass-

ed in the old miserable way, without the putting forth of Christian effort. No sanitary influences reached this spot steeped in vice and wretchedness. The graphic picture of Dickens was still true to the life. We would faithfully chronicle however one improvement, and the only one as far as we know to which those years will testify,—those dark years of crime, whose secret history will only be known in that day when the hidden things of darkness shall be revealed. The improvement was an outward one. It was the purchase by the Corporation, (the property holders being taxed for half the amount) of a small triangular space intended for a park, which is now literally a green spot in this "wilderness of brick and mortar." An opening was thus made for more light and air, a movement heralding the light of truth that was soon to penetrate the darkness. In 1848, the regards of some Christian women were attracted to this place accompanied with an earnest desire to test the power of Christianity to give life even here. They were told by gentlemen whom they requested to survey the ground, that no suitable room could be procured, but they expressed their determination to send a missionary there, which they did in 1850.

Their modes of working and some of the results of their efforts are detailed in the following pages, and we

may be permitted to express our gratification at finding that they had unwittingly followed "the model or normal specimen of the process," by which West Port —the Five Points of Edinburgh, was redeemed. As Dr. Chalmers may be considered the highest authority on a subject to which he devoted his best thoughts and energies we may be pardoned for quoting from his life, by Dr. Hanna, a history so similar to that of our own mission that we may appeal to the issues of his great experiment with confidence and hope, and feel ourselves justified in our plans by the example of a great and good man who looked upon the completion of this experiment as the most joyful event of his life.

"It was true that in each locality he desired to see a church erected, which must be connected with some Christian communion. It was equally true, that in that particular locality which he might himself select, the church so raised would come naturally to be connected with the Free Church; but with some hope of his motives being understood and appreciated among his former opponents—the Voluntaries—he could indignantly repudiate all sectarian aims and in the fervor of intense excitement could exclaim—'Who cares about the Free Church, compared with the Christian good of the people of Scotland?' *Who cares about any church,*

but as an instrument of Christian good? for be assured that the moral and religious well-being of the population is of infinitely higher importance than the advancement of any sect!"

The locality selected by Dr. Chalmers as the scene of his projected enterprise was the West Port; a part of Edinburgh, to which a few years previously an infamous notoriety had been attached by those secret murders, the discovery of which sent a thrill of horror through the land. . . . Out of a population of 2000 three-fourths were lost to all the habits and all the decencies of Christian life. In these families the number of children capable of attending school was only 411, and of these 290 were growing up altogether untaught. The physical and moral condition of this community was deplorable; one-fourth were paupers on the poor roll, and one-fourth were street beggars thieves, &c. . . . . It was a somewhat formidable enterprise—to many it would have seemed altogether hopeless—to come into close quarters with such a population. Aided, however, by a band of zealous associates, Dr. Chalmers went hopefully forward. The West Port was divided into twenty districts, containing each about twenty families. Over each of these districts a visitor was appointed, whose duty i was to visit once each week all the

families committed to his care; by all such attentions and services as he could offer to win their good will—by reading the Scriptures, by distributing tracts, by entering into conversation and by engaging in prayer—to promote, as fit openings were given him, their spiritual welfare. A printed slip drawn up by Dr. Chalmers was to be left in every house by each visitor explaining the object of his present and future calls.

A school-room was at last obtained. It lay at the end of the very close down which Burke and his associates decoyed their unconscious victims. Fronting the den in which those horrid murders were committed, stood an old deserted tannery, whose upper store-loft, approached from without by a flight of projecting wooden stairs, was selected as affording the best accommodation which the neighborhood could supply. Low-roofed and roughly floored, its raw, unplastered walls pierced at irregular intervals with windows of unshapely form, it had little of the scholastic or the ecclesiastical in its aspect; but never was the true work of school and church done better than in that old tannery loft of the West Port. Dr. Chalmers invited all the inhabitants of the neighborhood to meet him there on Wednesday, the 6th of November. By this time the frequent calls of the visitors had awakened a

general curiosity, and the invitation was accepted, the loft presenting a larger assembly of what he called "genuine West Porters" than had met together for many years. Acting upon the saying of Talleyrand, which he so often quoted, "That there is nothing formidable in meeting with the very lowest of the people if you only treat them frankly," Dr. Chalmers told them all that he and his friends meant to do for them, and all that he expected that they would do for themselves.

The school was opened with sixty-four day scholars and fifty-seven evening scholars, on the 11th November, 1844; and in the course of a single year, no fewer than 250 were in attendance, and those chiefly from the West Port. The educational part of the process having been fairly set a-going, the higher and more difficult operation was commenced, of bringing the adult population under regular spiritual instruction. On the forenoon of Sabbath the 22d December, Dr. Chalmers opened the tan-loft for public worship. We were present on the evening of that day, when the city missionary officiated, and when we looked round and saw that the whole fruit of the advices, and requests, and entreaties which for many previous weeks had been brought to bear upon all the families by the visitors,

was the presence of about a dozen adults, and those mostly old women, we confess to strong misgivings as to the result. But the services were regularly continued thrice each Sabbath, and the private agencies were renewed. In April, 1845, Dr. Chalmers was so peculiarly fortunate as to secure the services of the Rev. Mr. Tasker—the attendance grew under his ministry, and at the close of the year the nucleus of a good congregation began already to appear. The scheme, however, was obviously working at disadvantage so long as an apartment so difficult of access, and so rudely fitted up, formed at once the school-room and the church. Ground, therefore, was purchased, and all other needful steps were taken for the erection within the West Port of a church and a school-room.

The liberality of many Christian friends supplied Dr. Chalmers with funds sufficient not only to build a church and school-room, but to purchase and fit up a tenement of houses for working-men, in which, at a low rent, additional means of cleanliness and comfort were enjoyed.—On Friday, the 19th February, 1847, the West Port church was opened for public worship, by Dr. Chalmers, and on the 25th of April, he presided at the first sacrament administered within its walls. On the following Monday, he said to Mr. Tas-

ker—"I have got now the desire of my heart. The church is finished, the schools are flourishing; our ecclesiastical machinery is about complete, and all in good working order. God has indeed heard my prayer, and I could now lay down my head in peace and die."

"Scarcely more than two years had elapsed, yet how great was the transformation! When the work began, the number attending all places of worship did not exceed one-eighth of the whole population of the West Port. In the new church 300 sittings were taken as soon as it was opened; and of the 132 communicants, 100 were from the West Port. When the work began, of those capable of education, three-fourths were not at school: already the ratio had been reversed, and three fourths were in regular attendance. The change was beginning to show itself even in the outward appearance of the district—in the increased cleanliness and tidiness of the children, in quieter Saturday nights, and more orderly Sabbaths.

"It was but the dawning which he (Dr. Chalmers) was permitted to behold. A few weeks after that first commuion in the West Port, he was removed to the communion of the heavens, and the work was left in other hands. There were some who thought that his removal would be fatal to its success; and that it was

only by such impulse as he could give, that such an enterprise could be sustained. But five years have passed since he was at its head; and, under the admirable management of Mr. Tasker, each year has witnessed an advancing progress. In its educational department, the work is complete. In the different schools, male and female, day and evening, between 400 and 500 children are in attendance; *nor is it known that there is a single child of a family resident within the West Port who is not at school.* The ecclesiastical department presents us with a no less gratifying result. The habit of church attendance, has become as general and regular within the West Port as it is in the best conditioned districts of Edinburgh. The church is filled to overflowing, and, while these pages are passing through the press, the people of the West Port, who among themselves, contributed no less than £100 to the building of their church at first, are contributing, at an equal rate of liberality, for the erection of a gallery. It (the West Port enterprise) stands the only instance, in which the depths of city ignorance have been sounded to the very bottom, nor can the possibility of cleansing the foul basement story of our social edifice be doubted any longer."

We will close this interesting account so applicable

to our own work, by an extract from Dr. Chalmers' sermon, on the opening of the West Port Chapel—as confirmatory of our own views, the wisdom and expediency of which have been questioned. After dwelling upon the advantages of local convenience to attract to the house of God, Dr. Chalmers says, "But local convenience will not detain the attendance of multitudes, unless there be a worth and a power in the services which are rendered there. To fill the church well, we must fill the pulpit well, and see that the articles of the peace-speaking blood, and the sanctifying Spirit are the topics, that be dearest to the audience and on which the Christian orator who addresses them, most loves to expatiate. These form the only enduring staple of good vigorous preaching." After speaking of the moral ascendancy given by the pastoral relationship he says, "It is utterly a wrong imagination and in the face both of experience and prophecy, that in towns, there is an impracticable barrier against the capability and triumphs of the gospel—that in towns, the cause of human amelioration must be abandoned in despair—that in towns, it is not by the architecture of chapels, but of prisons, and of barracks, and of bridewells, we are alone to seek for the protection of society—that elsewhere a moralizing charm may go forth among the

people from village schools and sabbath services, but that there is a hardihood and ferocity in towns, which must be dealt with in another way, and against which all the artillery of the pulpit is feeble as infancy."

And may we not in the use of the same means look for the same blessed results that cheered the laborers at West Port? Yea, have not our eyes seen "*genuine*" *Five Pointers* "walking erect in newness of life?" are there not a number even now thriving to lead sober, righteous, godly lives? Can we not visit them in their cheerful, pleasant rooms in the Mission house, and find them with busy hands "plying their daily task," while their children are attending the Mission school? Do we not see a gradual improvement in the appearance and behavior of the children of the school, and whenever we enter the infant class-room with its sixty children, are they not uniformly quiet, cheerful and obedient?—the dull, heavy look of neglected childhood fading away before the coming ray of intelligence in their young faces. Our well attended evening meetings, drawing out many who blush in their deep poverty to meet the light of day—and the large and attentive congregations assembled in the chapel for the Sabbath services—the quietness and order reigning in the formerly tumultuous streets—all these are not

merely omens of good, but they are indications that God's blessing has already accompanied this truth. For we would express our firm conviction that while other instrumentalities may be good in their place, the religious element must be our main dependence in any comprehensive plans for the reformation of the degraded poor. Without this, relief may be afforded for a day, but the seat of all the evil remains untouched. "It is not always the dark place that hinders, but sometimes the dim eye"—and any efforts unaccompanied with the inspiring motives of Christianity must fail in accomplishing permanent results.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIVE POINTS.

"Life hath its contrasts, its realities,
Which make humanity itself aghast!

A STRANGER, taking his position in Broadway, near the City Hospital, would find himself at one of the central points of the wealth, the fashion, and the commerce of the largest and most influential city of the

Union. The Hospital, of massive stone, surrounded by fine trees and spacious grassplots, which present a beautiful oasis amid the desert of brick and sand that encompasses its outer railing, tells loudly that active benevolence has here its sphere, and Christian charity its appropriate work. Elegant stores, crowded with merchandise of the most costly description; carts bending beneath the pressure of valuable loads; handsome carriages, containing fair occupants, whose rich attire bespeaks an utter disregard of the value of money; well-dressed hundreds, crowding the innumerable omnibusses, or passing with rapid steps through this great thoroughfare of fashion and of business; everything betokens progress, wealth, and happiness.

> "But there is just behind a drearier scene;
> The peopled haunts another aspect wear;
> Midst wealth and splendor, wasted forms are seen,
> Victims of ceaseless toil, and want, and care;
> And there the sterner nature that will dare
> To live, though life be bought with infamy;
> There guilt's bold emissaries spread their snare,
> Who law, or human or divine, defy,
> And live but to perpetuate crime and misery."

One minute's walk from that Broadway-point of wealth, commerce, and enjoyment, will place him in another world of vision, thought, and feeling. Passing down Anthony-street but two squares, a scene will be

THE FIVE POINTS.

presented, forming so entire a contrast to that he has just left, that imagination would never have pictured, nor can language in its utmost strength successfully portray it. Standing at the lower end of Anthony-street, a large area, covering about an acre, will open before him. Into this, five streets, viz., Little-Water, Cross, Anthony, Orange, and Mulberry, enter, as rivers emptying themselves into a bay. In the center of this area is a small triangular space, known as "Paradise-square," surrounded by a wooden paling generally disfigured by old garments hung upon it to dry. Opposite this little park stands, or rather stood, the "Old Brewery," so famed in song and story. Miserable-looking buildings, liquor-stores innumerable, neglected children by scores, playing in rags and dirt, squalid-looking women, brutal men with black eyes and disfigured faces, proclaiming drunken brawls and fearful violence, complete the general picture.

Gaze on it mentally, fair reader, and realize, if you can, while sauntering down Broadway, rejoicing in all the refinements and luxuries of life, that *one minute's* walk would place you in a scene like this. Gaze on it, men of thought, when treading the steps of the City Hall or the Hall of Justice, where laws are framed, and our city's interests discussed and cared for—*one min-*

ute's walk would place you in this central point of misery and sin. Gaze on it, ye men of business and of wealth, and calculate anew the amount of taxation for police restraints and support, made necessary by the existence of a place like this. And gaze on it Christian men, with tearful eyes—tears of regret and shame—that long ere now the Christian Church has not combined its moral influences, and tested their utmost strength to purge a place so foul; for this, reader, is the "Five Points!"—a name known throughout the Union, in England, and on the continent of Europe. The "Five Points!"—a name which has hitherto been banished from the vocabulary of the refined and sensitive, or whispered with a blush, because of its painful and degrading associations. The "Five Points!" What does that name import? It is the synonym for ignorance the most entire, for misery the most abject, for crime of the darkest dye, for degradation so deep that human nature cannot sink below it. We hear it, and visions of sorrow—of irremediable misery—flit before our mental vision. Infancy and childhood, without a mother's care or a father's protection: born in sin, nurtured in crime; the young mind sullied in its first bloom, the young heart crushed before its tiny call for affection has met one answering response.

Girlhood is there; not ingenuous, blushing, confiding youth, but reckless, hardened, shameless effrontery, from which the spectator turns away to weep. Woman is there; but she has forgotten how to blush, and she creates oblivion of her innocent childhood's home, and of the home of riper years, with its associations of fond parental love and paternal sympathies, by the incessant use of ardent spirits. Men are there—whose only occupation is thieving, and sensuality in every form, of every grade, and who know of no restraint, except the fear of the strong police, who hover continually about these precincts. And boys are there by scores, so fearfully mature in all that is vicious and degrading, that soon, O how soon, they will be fit only for the prison and the gallows.

This fearful spot—this concentration of moral evil—this heathendom without the full excuse of ignorance so entire as creates a hope for foreign lands—why do we portray it? Why dwell for a moment upon scenes at which even a casual glance causes the warm blood to mantle to the cheek, and sends it rushing through the heart, until it quivers and aches with intensest sorrow? Why? Because we believe the time for action, the most wise, the most earnest, the most vigorously sustained, is fully come. The voice of benevo-

lence has sounded there, and has been echoed, not faintly, not equivocally, but by a cry deep, agonized, impassioned. The wail of infancy, the moan of neglected childhood, the groan of mature years sick of sin, yet almost despairing of rescue, have united, and the cry has reached the ear of Christian kindness, and Christian hearts have responded to that call, and are now united to prove, as far as they may be enabled, the utmost power of redeeming grace to raise the fallen and to save the lost.

For several years the New-York Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had been anxious to include this point within the sphere of their operations. Their report of 1848 contains this language:—"We intend to make a new point in Centre or Elm-streets, in the vicinity of the Tombs. The deepest interest was manifested by the Board respecting this effort. Several ladies pledged their personal labors to the Sunday school, and all feel that this is emphatically '*mission ground*.' We plead for the children—for we commence with the Sabbath school—the children, because through them we hope to reach the parents—the children, because ere long they will hold the destiny of our city within their hands. We expect to employ a missionary there, *who will avail*

himself of every providential opening for usefulness." Urged by such feelings, the Board selected a committee of intelligent and judicious gentlemen, to survey the field and select a place for action. After a careful survey, the committee reported that a suitable room could not be found, and therefore the ladies must defer their hopes and plans. The point was sadly yielded, but never for a moment forgotten; and, before the Annual Conference of 1850, it was resolved "to apply for a missionary, in full faith that a way would be made plain for him to act efficiently and profitably." It was done. and most cheerfully responded to by the Bishops, and a missionary was appointed.

The ladies, feeling the difficulties that beset them in a field like this, and encouraged by the expressed interest of husbands, brothers, and friends, selected a number of gentlemen of the highest respectability and standing, who were formed into an "Advisory Committee" to the Board, and were empowered, in conjunction with the missionary, to find a suitable place and make all necessary arrangements for the opening of the Sabbath school. Obstacles seemed to vanish before them. A room was found, the corner of Little-Water and Cross-streets, some twenty by forty feet, thoroughly cleaned and seated, and thus made capable of accom-

modating about two hundred persons. The first Sabbath it was filled. By whom? By what? A friend described it as "a more vivid representation of hell than she had ever imagined." Neglected childhood, hardened, reckless maturity, encased in filth and rags. But, through the power of grace, there were those there who had moral and physical nerve to bear the sight—the sound. They sang, and prayed, and exhorted, explained their motives and designs, and urged the importance of cleanliness upon their wretched listeners. The school opened with seventy scholars. The first few Sabbaths the children were rather unruly. The boys would throw somersets, and knock each other down, or follow any other inclination which arose. Indeed, the entire want of self-restraint was one of the most painful features of the scene, for who could repress the anxious question, "To what will all this lead?" But soon the school was perfectly organized, and each succeeding Sabbath witnessed its increase and improvement.

Immediately upon the establishment of the mission, the necessity of a day-school became apparent; it was found that weekly impressions were too evanescent to be of much benefit to children who, during the other six days, were exposed to influences which ever rest

upon those residing there. Preparations were made for its organization; donations of books, maps, and slates were received, a teacher selected with the approval of the entire Board, and the ladies were rejoicing in the prospect of the fulfillment of their most cherished plan, when, in its initiatory stage, adverse influences intervened, which, by placing the school in other hands, removed it entirely from the control of the society, and, of course, in a degree from the direct influences of the mission.

Intemperance prevailed so fearfully in this region that all immediately realized that nothing could be effected until this tide could be stayed. Preaching fell on besotted ears in vain; all moral truth was wasted; it was "casting pearls before swine." Temperance-meetings were instituted, and held almost weekly in the mission-room. The friends of the cause rallied there, sang temperance-songs, and made earnest speeches. In the first year one thousand had signed the pledge, including some of the very worst of the inhabitants. Since then there has been a steady increase, and the closest scrutiny reports that in the large majority of cases the pledge has been fully kept.

Next to intemperance, the missionary found the

greatest hindrance to consist in the want of steady employment for the surrounding poor. The majority were vicious, and unused to work; many were anxious for employment, but could not get it, because the large establishments which give slop-work to the poor would not trust their material in the Five Points; and yet they were obliged to remain there because of the cheapness of the rents. The missionary, by becoming responsible, found one house willing to co-operate in his design. After many experiments and many difficulties a regular establishment was formed in which fifty or sixty men and women found constant employment, and boarded in the house of the missionary. The inmates generally attended the religious services of the mission, the children came to the Sabbath school, and the Society regarded it as a valuable adjunct to their undertaking. At the end of the first year the same adverse influence which had already removed the day-school from the control of the Board also operated here; and although they have been successful in obtaining employment for numbers, yet the want of sufficient room has prevented their efforts in this line from being apparent to casual visitors.

The second conference year opened with the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Luckey (late chaplain to

the Sing-Sing State-prison) to that field of labor. His influence among the convicts of Sing-Sing, was a good preparation for the work which now devolved upon him. He and his devoted wife have penetrated its dark alleys, and have explored every avenue of Cow-Bay and the Old Brewery. The wretched inhabitants of cellars and garrets have had their word of counsel and their cheering aid; their utmost influence has been exerted to induce the children to attend a day-school supported by various benevolent individuals; they have visited the sick, and directed the dying to Him who could save to the uttermost; and through them, aided by ladies and gentlemen connected with the mission, a moral influence has been exerted which is felt throughout that entire community. Nor have they rested here; scores of men and women have through them been supplied with work; children have been placed in the "Home of the Friendless," or in responsible families; and they have spared neither time nor trouble to effect these objects.

During the year the mission-room became so crowded with children and adult listeners, who also flocked to the weekly means of grace, that the necessity af a larger place was painfully felt. While somewhat anxiously debating about ways and means to

accomplish this, a path entirely unexpected opened before the Board. Mr. Harding, lessee of Metropolitan Hall, (the largest and most beautiful place in the city for a public meeting,) offered it to the Society for one evening free of expense. The Hutchinsons and Alleghanians, being apprized of this, volunteered to sing gratuitously, and the Rev. Messrs. Beecher and Wakely consented to speak on the occasion. This association of circumstances induced the Board, with the approval of their Advisory Committee, to hold a public meeting and call upon all interested in the object to aid in the renovation of a spot which for years had been a by-word for all that was degraded in human character and extreme in human misery. The house was filled to overflowing; the interest manifested was great; and $4,000 were contributed toward that mission. Thus encouraged, the ladies called upon their Advisory Committee to redeem a former promise, viz.: that if, after two years' trial, the success should warrant the outlay, they would aid them in obtaining a more commodious place. After a thorough survey they concluded that the "Old Brewery" was the most eligible point. This place, celebrated for years as the stronghold for crime in that dark region, whose avenues were familiarly known as "Murderer's Alley"

and the "Den of Thieves," was inhabited at the time by at least three hundred wretched immortal beings. No language can exaggerate its filth or the degradation of its inmates; and the cleansing of this alone we deem missionary work. Believing that the renovation of a place like this, in the very heart of our great city, would prove a general benefit, the Society called upon the public to aid them still further in the arduous work. Promptly and nobly was that call responded to; ere six months had passed $13,000 were subscribed; and, although $3,000 of the required sum was yet needed, the committee felt emboldened to make the purchase.

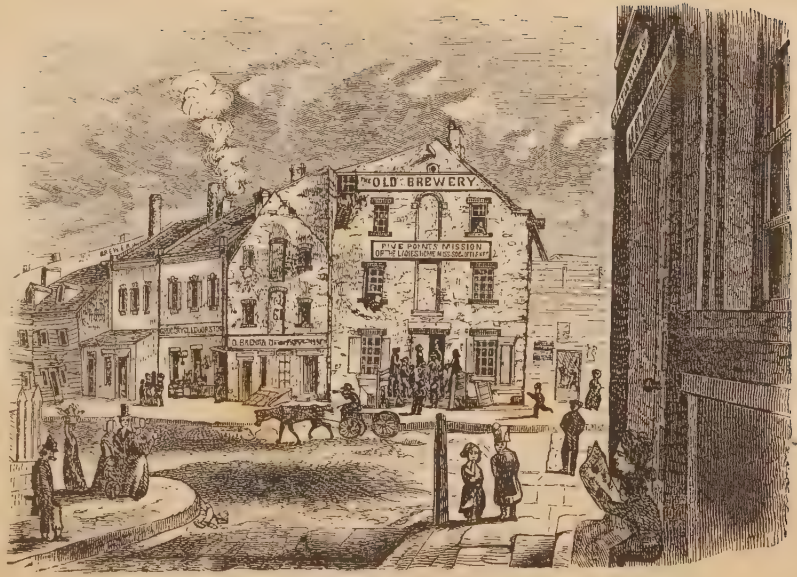
CHAPTER III.

THE OLD BREWERY.

"Work, work with right endeavor,
Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking—nor can Vice
Raise any bulwark to make good a place
Where Virtue seeks to enter."

"I SPENT some days at New York," writes Miss Bremer in her "Homes of the New World," in making a closer acquaintance with that portion of the life of the great city which belongs to its night side; to the dark realm of shadows and hell as it exists on the earth. I wandered through it, however, accompanied by an angel of light. I cannot otherwise speak of the Quaker lady who accompanied me, for her countenance was bright and beautiful as the purest goodness.

"I went with her one day through that part of New York called Five Points, because I wished to see this region, in which the rudest and most degraded portion of the population of New York were thronged together, probably through the attraction which causes like to



THE OLD BREWERY

seek like. Not long ago it was unsafe for a stranger within these purlieus, but the Methodists of New York conceived the divinely bold idea of building a church to God in the heart of this central point of vice and misery. They hired a house, sent a minister to reside there, established schools, work rooms, &c., which would give ample space for "the other master."

"The Five Points is one of the oldest portions of New York and received its name from five streets, which open here into a large square. These streets and especially the square are the haunts of the extremest misery of that great city. Lower than to the Five Points it is not possible for human nature to sink. Quarrels and blows, theft and even murder belong to the order of day and night. There is in the square, in particular, one large, yellow-colored delapidated, old house called "the Old Brewery," because formerly it was employed as such. This house is properly the head quarters of vice and misery, and the old brewer of all the world's misery has dominion there at this day.

"We—Mrs. G. and myself—went alone through this house where we visited many hidden dens and conversed with their inhabitants. We considered it better and safer to go about here alone than in company with a gentleman. Neither did we meet any instance of rude-

ness or even incivility. We saw a young lad sitting at the gaming-table with old ruffians—unfortunate women suffering from horrible diseases—sickly children—giddy young girls—ill-tempered women quarrelling with the whole world—and some families also we saw who seemed to me wretched rather through poverty than moral degradation. From unabashed, hardened crime, to those who sinking under the consequences of vice are passing down to death—without an ear to listen to their groans, without sympathy, without hope—is there in every grade of moral corruption, festering and fermenting in the Old Brewery; filth, rags, pestilential air—every thing was in that Old Brewery, and yet there, after all I did not see anything worse than I had seen before in Paris, London, Stockholm. Ah! in all large cities where human masses congregate may be found the Old Brewery of vice and misery, and where the Old Brewer distils his poison. The off-scouring of society flows hither, becomes more corrupt, and will thence corrupt the atmosphere of society, until the fresh and better life obtains power over the old leaven—the New Church over the Old Brewery. A great movement exists in this direction at the present time. The Church of Christ extends itself not merely to the soul, but is beginning to comprehend the whole human being, to

develop itself in schools, in sanitary wardship, in every kind of institution which promotes the whole somework of Christian love on earth, both for soul and body, and repeats the word of the Lord to the leper. 'I will, be thou clean.'"

To this vivid description we add the following picture of the "Old Brewery," taken from one of the daily papers:

"An alley extends all around the building; on the north side it is of irregular width, wide at the entrance, and gradually tapering to a point. On the opposite side the passage-way is known by the name of 'Murderer's Alley,' a filthy, narrow path, scarcely three feet in width. There are double rows of rooms throughout the building, entered by the alley-ways on either side. Some of these rooms are just passably decent; the majority are dirty, dark, and totally unfit for occupation. The dark and winding passage-ways, which extend throughout the whole building, must have afforded a convenient means of escape to thieves and criminals of all kinds; there are also various hiding-places recently discovered, which have also, no doubt, afforded the means of escape to offenders against the laws. In the floor in one of the upper rooms, a place was found where the boards had been sawed; upon tearing them up, human bones were found, the remains, no doubt, of a victim of some diabolical murder. The whole of the building above-ground is rickety and dilapidated—some of the stairs even creak when trodden upon. Our way was explored by the aid of a single lamp, in company with two gentlemen and a guide; beside these there were a number of rather rough-looking customers, who ap-

peared as much interested as any one else. But it was not until one of the gentlemen complained, in one of the dark passage-ways, of a strange hand in his pocket, that these three characters were suspected. Then our guide informed us, in an under-tone, that we were surrounded by a gang of the most notorious pickpockets and thieves of that section, and that we must take good care of our watches, or we would lose them before we were aware. To grope one's way, at night, through the dark passages, when the light was within sight only a part of the time, and to be surrounded with a crowding, pushing gang of desperadoes, was not altogether the most pleasant way of spending our evening.

"The above-ground part of the premises cannot be better imagined than by supposing it just as bad as it can be,—once plastered, but now half the wall off, in some places mended by pasting newspapers over it, but often revealing unsightly holes. The under part, or basement of the building, is even still worse on the south-west corner; in a lower room, not more than fifteen feet square, *twenty-six* human beings reside. A man could scarcely stand erect in it; two men were sitting by the blaze of a few sticks when our company entered; women lay on a mass of filthy, unsightly rags in the corner—sick, feeble, and emaciated; six or seven children were in various attitudes about the corner; an old table covered with a few broken dishes; two women were peeling potatoes, and actually pulling off the skins with their finger nails; the smoke and stench of the room was so suffocating that it could not be long endured, and the announcement that, in addition to the misfortune of poverty, they had the measles to boot, started most of our party in a precipitate retreat from the premises.

"On the front side of the building the basement is deeper, but if possible worse. Here were seen only a few miserable-

looking women—one was drunk and stupid, and lay upon the bare floor in the corner; in a side room, in front of a fireplace, and before a full blaze, sat two women, who looked as low and debased as any human beings could. No furniture was in the room, with only the floor for their bed, and the scant dresses they wore for their only covering.

"But it may be asked: What do these wretched people do for a living? We answer: The men are street-sweepers and thieves, the women beg and steal what they can, the children sweep crossings in wet weather, and cut up the kindling-wood which we all see them carry about the streets. A great deal of this last business, we observed, was carried on in the 'Old Brewery.' What more they do who can tell? Miserable beings! life is at best but an unpleasant necessity, but to them it must be an awful punishment."

This was the state of the "Old Brewery" in 1850, when the Society first entered the field, and for the two succeeding years. We learn from an old inhabitant of New York that it was erected in 1792, and then known as Coulter's Brewery; that it was changed to a tenement-building in 1837, and seems almost immediately to have attained its "bad pre-eminence."

We now return to the history of its purchase and demolition. The advisory committee met to redeem their promise, mentioned as having been given at the commencement of the enterprise. During the discussion of places and prices, Mrs. D. mentioned the "Old Brewery." The proposition was received with hearty laughter

on the part of the gentlemen, so chimerical at that time seemed the idea. A committee was appointed to survey the premises, to ascertain what was to be sold and at what prices, &c. They met again on February 5, 1852, and reported "that they had examined a number of situations, and in their opinion the 'Old Brewery' was the most eligible place;" and after considerable discussion, it was resolved, "That the business of examining the 'Old Brewery,' and also of waiting upon Mr. Lynch, the owner of the property, to get the refusal of it for a short time, be referred to a committee consisting of Rev. Mr. Luckey, Messrs. W. B. Skidmore, L. Kirby, D. Drew, J. Cornell, N. Worrall, and O. D. M'Clain."

This was a memorable meeting to the Society; for the gentlemen, practical business men, sympathized fully with their ardent wishes, and expressed themselves ready to give their time, influence, and money, to aid to the utmost in this favorite mission. On the evening of February 23d, the following resolutions were passed; and we give them to show how thoughtfully and carefully all these plans were laid, and how judiciously the gentlemen appointed to receive and expend the public funds acted in reference to every point.

First: "That in view of the benefits that have resulted from the experiment of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society

in the establishment of a mission at the 'Five Points,' and also in view of the prospects of its increasing usefulness, we deem it of the utmost importance that a permanent location be purchased—the rooms now occupied being too small and inconvenient for the use of the mission." And,

Secondly: "That we pledge ourselves to purchase the property known as the 'Old Brewery,' situated at the 'Five Points,' on Cross-street, for the use of the Ladies' Home Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, provided it can be obtained for a sum not exceeding $16,000; and also provided that subscriptions be obtained toward the payment of said purchase of not less than $10,000 by the 10th day of March next; and we hereby pledge ourselves to use the utmost of our endeavors to obtain the amount by the time named."

After several intermediate meetings, on March 8th, it was moved by Mr. Leonard Kirby, and seconded by Mr. Daniel Drew,

"That the committee forthwith close with the offer made by the owner of the 'Old Brewery,' and agree with him for the purchase at the sum named—$16,000."

It was carried unanimously; Messrs. Kirby and Worrall were appointed a committee to effect a purchase, and in a few days the joyful announcement was made that the "Old Brewery" was redeemed. But more was to be done; money was to be raised, and this, too, by *thousands;* and the Board of Managers, feeling most deeply their obligations to the gentlemen who, for them, had incurred so heavy a personal

responsibility, aroused themselves to the most vigorous and persevering action.

The public met their appeals nobly, immediately, and before one year had closed the entire sum was subscribed; and then their cautious committee, who had previously resolved not to build until the purchase-money was entirely raised, sounded the note of victory. Ere we proceed, in our narrative, to raze the old building to its foundations, we will give several incidents as a specimen of missionary labor in connection with it before it was redeemed by the Society.

One Tuesday evening, in the winter of 1851, the usual weekly prayer-meeting was in session at the Mission Room, which was directly opposite the "Old Brewery." Two men, under the influence of liquor, abruptly entered, and inquired for the missionary. Mr. Luckey asked them their business. They replied that a sick man in one of the upper rooms of the "Old Brewery" desired his immediate attendance. The appearance of the men, the hour of the night, the locality specified, beside the fact that the prayer-meeting required his presence, caused Mr. Luckey to hesitate, and he dismissed the men with the promise that he would come the next day. In a little time one returned, urging that the man was dying, and must see him

immediately. The call was thus decisive, and, laying aside every personal consideration, Mr. Luckey resigned the charge of the meeting to his wife, and, taking one of the mission converts with him, followed his rough, half-drunken guide. They crossed the street, and entered the dark, narrow passage known as "Murderer's Alley," groped their way back to the "Den of Thieves," and then commenced ascending a creaking stairs. The guide reached back his hand to Mr. Luckey, and, thus escorted, he proceeded. Standing on the first platform, a glimmering light through the cracked walls and the sound of noisy mirth proclaimed a drunken revel. The guide unceremoniously placed his foot against the door, which yielded to the heavy pressure, entered the room, and, snatching a burning brand from the hearth, again appeared, and they continued their upward path until they reached a long, low room, near, if not in, the attic. On entering, Mr. L. found the sick man on a miserable bed, evidently near the grave, agonized with fear and remorse, and a pale-looking wife and daughter almost fainting with fright. The man besought Mr. L. to remove him from that dreadful place; and when he attempted to direct his mind to the Saviour, the imploring response was: "O take me first from here; take me *where Jesus can come*." Mr. L. proposed prayer. "O!

they will murder us if you pray," was the trembling response, as the sound of oaths and curses from the next room fell upon the ear. The missionary, strong in faith, knelt down—the first words of prayer brought a number of fierce, half-drunken men and women into the room, who, as soon as they recognized him, fell back, whispering "'tis the minister—'tis Mr. Luckey," and as his voice rose in pleading prayer to God for the sick and the wretched around, every sound was hushed, and they retreated to their own dens in perfect stillness. When Mr. Luckey was about leaving the room, the family clung around him, beseeching him not to leave them, but to take them hence; and their fear and importunity were so excessive, that Mr. Luckey despatched a messenger to a neighboring house, to know if they could be accommodated for the night. Receiving an affirmative answer, they took him in their arms, and, followed by the wife and daughter, descended. The man lay with clasped hands and eyes upraised, praying incessantly, and when laid down in a quiet place exclaimed, "Now Christ can save me!" In a few days he was removed to the City Hospital, where Mr. Luckey visited him, and although he sank and died within a week, yet apparently he learned to trust in Christ and rest on Him as his Saviour. The wife (who became

such by Mr. Luckey's performing the ceremony of marriage in the Hospital) survived but a short time, and the daughter is now residing with a respectable family on Staten Island.

On the first establishment of the mission at the Five Points, it was thought extremely hazardous for ladies to visit families in that neighborhood, and to gather in children for the schools. Two of the ladies of the Board, however, years before associated with the New York Clothing Society, were the committee of visitation to the Sixth Ward, which includes the Five Points, and they thought there was no ground for these apprehensions. The first year proved their views correct, as nearly every house and family were visited by some lady of the Board, and no where did they meet with rudeness or incivility. Even the Old Brewery with its numerous cellars, dark passages and attics, became familiar to a few who had moral and physical courage enough to bear the sight, inhale the air and hear the sounds. "Our first introduction to this 'pest house of death,'" writes Mrs. D. "may not be without its moral.

"A person by the name of Brennan, had kept a grocery and liquor store in the lower part of the building for a number of years. He had been irritated by the conduct of the first missionary, employed to

labor in that locality, who had, he said, denounced him from the pulpit, holding him up to the derision and scorn of the children of the school, and it was said that he would not allow ladies to enter the building.

"One morning, several of the children were absent from the school. They lived in the attics of the Old Brewery, passing to their miserable homes through the passage called Murderer's Alley, or through the other, known as the Den of Thieves. We own to the feeling of timidity in venturing through these darksome ways, without the escort of some gentleman, but what was to be done? No teacher could be spared from the school-room, and no visitor had arrived. I hesitated, my heart began to beat faster, and I found myself involuntarily drawing longer and deeper inspirations while resolving to go alone. I crossed the street, praying as I went, 'Lord preserve me, O protect me, for thy name's sake.'

"As I went up Murderer's Alley, Mr. Brennan, who was the agent for the building, stood with a determined air in my path. I smiled, retraced my steps, and thinking I would reach the attics by the other passage, I entered it, but was again met by Mr. Brennan, who had passed round the rear of the building to oppose my entrance. I then resolved to speak to him.

'Good morning, sir,' said I, 'a beautiful morning, but some of our children are very late at school, and I am in search of them. Can you tell me in what room I shall find Mrs. Heston and Mrs. Sullivan, and is there any danger in my ascending these old rickety stairs to look after them?'

"I appeared very brave, but my heart beat not a little, for the most awful oaths and curses fell upon my ear, from the adjoining 'Den of Thieves.' He gave me my directions, and then said very kindly, 'You may go all over the house, wherever you please, and so may any of the ladies, and if anybody speaks wrong to you, let me know. I am unwilling,' he added, 'to allow Mr. Pease to enter these doors, for he never comes to relieve poverty and suffering, but merely to exhibit it to his visitors as he would a menagerie, and when I open a menagerie, I will charge twenty-five cents admission.' I began to breathe more freely when I left him, although the passages and stairways through which I groped my way were, in some instances, so dark that I had to pass my hands along the wall until I felt the casement of the door opening on some poor family or families—for sometimes there were two or three families in a room.

"On some of the landings I stopped and listened, almost

afraid of the sound of my own steps; but I reached the attic, and found the families of whom I was in search. Mrs. Heston had her two little girls ready for school, and expressed her surprise that I should have ventured up alone, but I told her nothing had harmed me. She seemed to fear, however, and insisted upon leaving her door open to light the two girls and myself down the stairs. I thanked Mr. B. for his kindness when I returned, and this opened an acquaintance with him of a most friendly kind; and from that time to the present I have found him to be a true friend to the Mission. A few months after this my sister and myself were in conversation with Mr. B., and asked him his views of some of the families, their poverty, improvidence, intemperance, &c. He admitted that intemperance was the cause of nearly *all* their misery. I then took occasion to ask him if he had ever thought he had been the cause of any of that misery. He replied, 'I do not know that I have. I never drink myself, and I often talk to these people about it, but it is of no use; and if I did not sell it to them, *still they would drink*.' 'Yes,' said I, 'that may be so; but your *influence;* did it never strike you that you were making drunkards by keeping a liquor-store? may not the first glass of liquor

you have sold to some boy or girl, by creating a taste for another and yet another, have led to certain destruction? He did not make much reply, but the next time I saw him, he said he had been thinking seriously of the conversation between us. I then tried in the best way I could to show him the influence a bad example would have on all coming time, and that eternity alone could unfold all the evil it had wrought. He admitted he had never taken that view of it before, and promised that as soon as he possibly could he would give up the sale of liquor; for, he continued, 'of all places in the world to rear a family, the Five Points is the very worst, and no consideration could induce me to move my family into its precincts.' His wife and five children resided in another part of the city. A little while after this last conversation, when I met him one morning, his face brightened as he held out his hand, saying, 'I have good news to tell you; I have done with the sale of liquor; I have long despised the business, and have now made up my mind never to sell *another drop while I live.*'

"He was one of those candid, prompt sort of men whose word is believed without question. I bade him God-speed in his purpose. He was as good as his word, although at the time he had no prospect of

support for his family. We had promised to try and provide a situation for him, but he has obtained one for himself in the adjoining coal yard as clerk, which office he still retains. He often expresses his pleasure at having been induced to give up the sale of liquor, and he is a warm friend to the Mission, rejoicing in its prosperity, and declaring that it has been the greatest blessing to the neighborhood.

"This instance has been a source of encouragement to us, and it has not been without its effect in that locality, where the Mission has met with general favor. While the large tent was located in the little park (known as Paradise Square) before the erection of our new mission buildings on the site of the 'Old Brewery,' a grocer at the corner of little Water and Anthony street, kindly sent us coal without charge to supply the furnace lent to us by Keyser & Co. He has since given us a donation in money, and says he wishes us well, which he proves by encouraging the children of his tenants to attend our schools. May we not hope to exert a still greater influence on the retailers of liquors? We believe that nothing but kindness will reach the hearts of these people, and that police restraints are not so powerful as the law of love by which we hope ever to be governed in our work."

We could multiply such scenes if we had room, but deem it best to give a few in the condensed form in which they were prepared to be sung at a public meeting.

The "Old Brewery."

BY REV. T. F. R. MERCEIN.

God knows it's time thy walls were going!
Through every stone
Life-blood, as through a heart, is flowing;
Murmurs a smother'd groan.
Long years the cup of poison filling
From leaves of gall;
Long years a darker cup distilling
From wither'd hearts that fall!
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary
Have they in thee no home?

One sobbing child, beside a mother,
Starved in the co'd;
Poor lamb! thy moan awakes no other,
Christ is thy only fold!
One gentle girl that grew in gladness,
Loved—was betray'd—
Jeers met her dying shriek of madness,
Oaths mock'd the words she pray'd.
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in thee no home?

Sweet babe! that tried to meet life smiling,
Smiled nevermore!
Foul sin, a mother's breast defiling,
Blighted the young heart's core!
No holy word of kindness spoken—
No lisped prayer—
Law crush'd the virtue want had broken,
Shame harden'd to despair.
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in thee no home?

Foul haunt! a glorious resurrection
Springs from thy grave!
Faith, hope, and purified affection,
Praising the "Strong to save!"
God bless the love that, like an angel,
Flies to each call,
Till every lip hath this evangel,
"Christ pleadeth for us all!"
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
Praise God! a voice hath call'd the weary
In thee is found a home!

The last verse is prophetic, but will, we hope, soon be realized—for in the middle of December, 1852, the demolition of the "Old Brewery" commenced, and in a week's time not one stone was left upon another. During the past year, though much hindered by want of room, and misjudged by many who did not understand the reasons which actuated the Ladies' Society in many of their actions, the Mission has nevertheless strengthened its stakes and enlarged its borders, and, judging

from the results of the last great public meeting, obtained an increasing interest in the public mind. Mr. W. E. Harding renewed his offer of Metropolitan Hall for a public demonstration, free of expense; on the 17th of December, a concert was held in the afternoon, and in the evening Mr. J. B. Gough addressed a crowded audience, after which $4,000 were again subscribed for the building to be erected on the site of the "Old Brewery." The Ragged School is in vigorous operation, containing already one hundred and fifty scholars. The Common Council not only granted $1,000 to the Society, but also the privilege of erecting a temporary building in the little park, in which to hold the day-school until the Mission Room is completed.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

The era so long anticipated at length arrived, and on Dec. 2d, the sun shone for the last time on the doomed "Old Brewery." This event so marked in the history of the Society awakened the deepest interest in the public mind, as illustrative of which we give the following graphic sketch from the pen of R. A. West, Esq.:

"The day of its demolition deserves to be distinguished as a red letter day in the annals of our city's history. The great landmark of vice and degradation, the haunt of crime and the home of misery, will soon be among the things that were—a remembrance, but no longer a fact. In its stead will rise a landmark for virtue and morality, and a home for the disconsolate and the desolate. The drunkard, and the debased and the stealthy murderer, will no more hie thither for concealment, but sobriety, and purity, and mercy, will stand with open arms to receive whomsoever will eschew vice and make fellowship with virtue. What no legal enactment could accomplish—what no machinery of municipal government could effect—Christian women have brought about, quietly but thoroughly and triumphantly. From henceforth the Old

Brewery is no more. Had any one predicted this ten, or even five, years ago, the laugh of scorn or the smile of incredulity would have greeted his prophecy. The great problem of how to renovate the Five Points had engaged the attention of both the legislative and the executive branches of the city government, and both had abandoned the task in despair. The evil was deemed incurable, and so it seemed to be.

"Nay even some Christian associations were scarcely more hopeful, and hesitated to employ their means on what seemed a Utopian enterprize. This may seem marvellous, but it is no less true, and is to be accounted for, we presume, by the sense of responsibility to the donors of the funds by which such associations are supported, which the members felt made it imperative upon them to employ their means in those undertakings only where the benefit would be obvious and certain. Only on this supposition can we account for the long delay in establishing a mission to the heathen at the Five Points. It is to the credit of the religious denomination known as the Methodist Episcopal Church, that they were the first to enter the then unpromising field; and it will be an imperishable honor to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of that church that with them the idea originated, and by them has so successfully been carried on. In 1849, at their request, a missionary was appointed to labor among the unhappy residents of this famed locality, the society engaging to give him an adequate salary. Subsequently a change of agency seeming desirable, the Society applied for and obtained from the Bishop the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Luckey. Under Mr. Luckey's active care the mission has so far prospered, and has met with such liberal pecuniary aid, that the crowning triumph has thus speedily been brought about, and the Old Brewery is virtually no more.

"Some years ago the newspapers made partial revelations of the scenes daily and nightly enacted in the Old Brewery. Something more than personal courage was then needed for an exploration of those regions and of that building. The aid of the police was essential, and of the most intelligent, shrewd, fearless and experienced of the department. Murderer's Alley was no romance; and if it had been, the interior of the building was yet full of all villainy and iniquity, and of wretchedness which at any moment might become a temptation to the worst of crimes. It was a place of which all but the utterly degraded stood in fear. The entire locality swarmed with those who prey upon their fellows. Even in open day, citizens avoided the Five Points if possible, or if compelled to pass through it, hurried on in fear of their personal safety. By night none dared to traverse its dark labyrinths. It was a bye-word and a reproach to the city. A foreign author explored its horrible enormities, well guarded by policemen, and told a tale that astonished the civilized world and shamed ourselves. But even he revealed not the half that could have been storied. The private records of police officers, were they accessible, would unfold darker mysteries connected with the Old Brewery and the Five Points than even public imagination ever conceived; while in wretchedness and woe, in penury and want, as well as in low orgies and drunken revelry in their most debasing forms, the place now about to be pulled down was unequalled. It is probable,—for how otherwise could an agent of good have been tolerated in that pandemonium?—that the increased, systematized efficiency of the police had wrought some melioration and restraint in that locality before this mission was established, but the mission of mercy was conceived before such melioration was wrought, and put into operation while yet the streets were flooded with iniquity and

the Old Brewery was a pest-house of vice and of vilest degradation.

"On Sunday afternoon we visited this ill-famed locality, and made a last inspection of the Old Brewery. Divine service was held at 3 o'clock in the large tent, pitched in Paradise Square. There were present boys in ragged clothes and girls in tattered habiliments, and men and women uncouthly attired. But mingled with these, and evincing a lively but unpretending interest in their behalf, were those of high and recognized position, nobly giving countenance and support to the great work of reformation. A tent necessarily presents great temptation to disorder and unsettledness, yet a more attentive audience we have rarely seen; and the children conducted themselves, with but one or two exceptions, as well as the more favored youths of a regular Sabbath school. In one respect we certainly have not seen their superiors—their docility when kindly dealt with. In every instance where there was a disposition to become restless or unruly, we found a reproving smile—the reader will comprehend our meaning—all-sufficient to preserve quiet and restore order. After the service we accompanied a sister of charity—say rather an angel of mercy—on her Sabbath afternoon inquiries after the welfare of the families housed in the Old Brewery. We dived into its cellars—for *cellars* they are, not 'basements,'—and mounted into its attics, and peered into its dark chambers, and found that even there the mission had wrought a most salutary work, and sweeter music we never heard than the hopeful voice of our companion, as with woman's depth of feeling she asked after the welfare of each family, calling the members of each by name; and very pleasant, too, were the words of welcome which every where greeted the visitant.

"But thanks, a thousand thanks, on behalf of morality and religion, to the noble generosity of our citizens, and thanks

no less to the Christian heroism and energy of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, that the dark and ricketty old building is to be entirely removed. Few can comprehend what it has been; but it is bad enough as it is. There is probably not a stable in this city that is not a palace in comparison with it. For the honor of the city and of our common humanity, we rejoice that its days are numbered."

"On the 27th of Jan., the corner-stone of the new mission building was laid. The exercises opened by the reading of the Scriptures by Rev. J. Luckey, the Missionary there. Rev. Stephen Martindale, P. E., then read a hymn which was sung by the congregation; after which prayer was offered up by the Rev. Dr. Scott, of the First Reformed Dutch Church of Newark. Rev. Dr. Holdich, Secretary of the American Bible Society, then read a brief history of the operations of the Society at the Five Points, in which grateful and especial mention was made of the success, thus far, of the pecuniary efforts of the Society.

"Rev. Dr. De Witt then addressed the assemblage. He said that it gave him pleasure to witness the scene which he there beheld, and to take a part in the exercises of this occasion. He had heard and read much of the enterprise here going on, and had felt a lively interest in its progress and success. He had intended to visit the place, but circumstances

had prevented; and now he beheld with his eyes the fair transformation that is taking place. A building where vice and misery in their most abhorrent forms existed has been leveled, and in its place is going up a new structure which will, in part, be devoted to the service of God, in the beauty of holiness. Here a spring of life will be opened, with its purifying influences. There are buildings in other parts of the city for the rich; but have we not been neglecting the masses? Have we not been too much, like the Priests and Levites, avoiding the degraded classes? This effort in this locality seems to have originated in the spirit which actuated the Saviour, and thus far to have been crowned with His blessing. May this be the origin of a reviving spirit in the Churches!

"The gospel applies to all, but to the poor and wretched of this world it is especially adapted. The impression that those residing in this locality were too degraded to be benefited has tended to paralyze Christian effort. The gospel is for the poor, and it will be deteriorating to the higher classes if reformatory influences are neglected among the lower classes. Dr. DeWitt referred to the condition of Religion in England at the time that Wesley and Whitfield appeared upon the field, and an influence was awakened in the evan-

gelical world, which has not subsided to this day. The great amount of good done in the world by the Moravian United Brethren was spoken of. After some further remarks the speaker closed by reminding them that in their good work they could remember the dying words of one much beloved, 'The best of all is, God is with us.' Continue, then, the labor of love in the patience of hope.

"Rev. Dr. Potts spoke of the Five Points, as a festering spot which ought long ago to have been the scene of especial Christian efforts—but, thanks to God, it is now! He looked upon this movement as one of the most important religious, social and municipal efforts existing in the City. Let those who complain of the police expenses, of the taxes, of the crowding of the alms-houses, and of the prisons bursting with criminals, not turn aside when asked to give to this object. None can call in question the practicability of cleansing the Five Points, nor of the many Four Points in our City which seriously require renovation. There is much to be done in the City by Home Missionaries. He hoped that the practicability of this effort would be established by the ladies. If the public did not sustain these local societies in their efforts to keep down vice, we may become as bad as

London, where dissipated youth exist to the number of over 200,000, who are called ' City Arabs.' After some further remarks Rev. Dr. Kennedy addressed them at some length. Twenty-nine years ago he knew of this place. He gave some reminiscences of his own labors at that time on this spot. The first passage of Scripture which he ever undertook publicly to explain was in one of the alleys of this spot to a dying woman, and a number of the residents gathered around him. Who can tell what influences may result from the operations here going forward? Who knows what instrument may be raised up here to promulgate Gospel truths?

"After the conclusion of the addresses, contributions and a collection of $400 to $500 in amount were made. The audience then repaired to the front of the new building, to witness the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone. There was singing by the children of the school, who were ranged upon a temporary floor laid upon the joists of the first-story of the building; and there was a large audience present to witness the ceremonies.

"After reading a list of the articles deposited in the box, placed in the cavity of the corner-stone, Bishop ones remarked upon the objects of the building.

'Education is to be promoted—therefore here is to be a free school-room; virtue and temperance are to be advanced, and here we have a lecture-room; the salvation of immortal souls is an end in view, and there will be a chapel in this edifice; and as temporal blessings will be an object, here will be accommodation for the sick and needy.' The Bishop then proceeded to lay the corner-stone, saying: "For the promotion of Education, of Virtue and of Religion, and to promote the best interests of men, and the glory of God, we now lay the Corner-Stone of this edifice, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"Rev. Nathan Bangs, D. D., then pronounced the benediction; after which the audience separated, the service, novel in that neighborhood, having passed without interruption."

Slowly the building arose upon the foundation, thus laid. At length its completion was announced, and preparations were made for the dedication. "The Daily Times" thus describes the services of the occasion, which took place June 18th, 1853.

The Five Points' Mission House,

Erected on the site of the Old Brewery, was opened yesterday afternoon with religious services, as the centre of missionary and humanitarian enterprise in that infected district of the city. Notwithstanding the excessive inclemency of the weather, a very numerous and highly respectable audience, assembled in the chapel of the Mission House. The children of the schools attached to the Mission were also in the room, and sang some simple hymns during and after the services.

After the usual religious exercises, the Rev. Dr. Floy delivered an appropriate discourse, taking for his text the following words: "I beseech thee show me thy glory." Exodus xxxiii. 18.

After referring to the dedication, it says:—"The ceremony is over—the ceremony, but not the results. The beginning is small enough, perhaps, but it is a great step taken. Let us look back a few years, and see what the Old Brewery was. That it was the nest of crime; that the worst passions which deform our common human nature had there their sowing-time and their fruit-season: that young children were there immolated to Moloch, and men and women of ripe years were transplanted thence to bloom upon the gallows, is not half the truth,—is but a small portion of it. There were deeds done in the body that will only be revealed in the spirit, when the Book of Accounts shall be opened. The foulest crimes were hatched, and fostered, and often developed there. There was the home of the assassin, the thief, and the prostitute. Riot swaggered and drunkenness staggered thence, bent on brawls and brutalities; and up those curious stairs and along those winding passages,—

through nests of chambers ingeniously contrived to prevent the escape of the victim or elude the search of his friends, has been borne many and many an unhappy wretch, who by his friends was never heard of again, and never will be heard of till the morning of the resurrection. The old Brewery was, at one time of its history, not excelled by any haunt in London or Paris, as the lazar-house and infectious centre of crime.

"It is gone: it is now a matter of history. Where it stood, a church has been erected, with a house for the preacher, school-rooms for the ignorant, bath-rooms for the dirty, and tenements—clean, wholesome, and inviting—for the homeless. Such a change has been affected by a few earnest, pious ladies, who have succeeded the apostles—who teach Christianity not by words only, but by deeds; who think it not enough to counsel the erring to sin no more, but who take them by the hand, and lead them to the pleasant places.

"Honor to them if they desire it; but they do not. They solicit help, not honor. And who will honor himself by helping them?

"That the aid extended to these ladies will not sink into the earth for lack of fruit, we may assure ourselves by what has already been done by them. In the tenements provided for the desolate class of beings who occupied the chambers of the Old Brewery when it was tolerably purged of crime and was the habitation merely of misery—which was after public attention had been awakened to it, and just before it was pulled down—we found resident yesterday an orderly class, who know the virtues of water, and are not disdainful of a well-swept floor, and, in their little way, of a well-appointed household. A few ornaments some of them had; and—start them on the right road and a love of nature will

creep in—in two apartments we beheld flowers. And these were the same people, many of them, who were found in the Old Brewery when it was demolished. Such a change can any successor of the apostles bring to pass, if he or she will it, and work for it.

"We looked into the school-room. Children who had friends, and children who had none—in whose faces God had not written thief, murderer, or harlot, but who, if left to themselves, would probably have hereafter become one, or both, or all—these little men and women interested us deeply. They sang some verses for our behoof, at the bidding of the excellent directress of the institution. They lisped with tiny voices, 'I love to go to the Mission-School,' and though it seemed to us that perhaps the warmth of their singing was no proof of the sincerity of their hearts, yet we were glad to accept that evidence of the rescuing hand which had withdrawn them from the defilement of the streets."

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSION WORK.

"That one saying of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth,' has done more for suffering humanity, more for the masses of guilty perishing men in this world than all the schemes of benevolence that have originated in any quarter."—OLIN.

AFTER the establishment of the Mission, months rolled away, months of unceasing prayer and effort by those most deeply interested in its welfare; much was accomplished, very much. The temperance movement, was abundantly successful. The day and Sunday schools were in successful operation. In outward appearance the reformation of that region was truly great; yet, at the close of the first year, we were constrained to write thus:—

"We are standing now at a point of intensest interest. The way has been clearly opened, the ground is marvelously prepared; mature plans are in operation, warm hearts have enlisted all their energies, the necessary funds await our call, and yet we pause. Why? We ask the question, we wish the question asked—Why? Because, as yet, 'the Spirit has not been poured out from on high.' The anxious inquiry, 'What must we do to be saved?' is not heard. We are waiting,

watching, and praying for the sigh of penitence, the manifestation of remorse, the fear of judgment. The seed is sowing; there is a struggle in many a heart, tears are shed in secret places; but brethren, friends of the mission, until all this issues in clear, undoubted conversions, we have no sure footing."

This was the abiding feeling of the missionaries, class-leader, and the ladies' board, as month after month the former toiled, and the latter listened to reports of alternate discouragement and hope. Conversions were cautiously reported, because of the peculiar ignorance and degradation of the subjects.

At a quarterly meeting, held during the second year, the class-leader, Mr. North, gave a most interesting account of the class, of their gradual increase in knowledge, of their advance week by week in spiritual light and experience, from the first faint conviction which led them to join, through the successive stages of penitence, faith, pardon, and the exulting joy which followed. He said, it had been clear, marked, decided in every instance, and expressed his most entire confidence in their present religious experience.

Two weeks after, the members having stood their six months' probation, the Church was organized by the Rev. Mr. Luckey, and they were received into full membership. The 23rd of November dawned clear

and bright, and many friends hastened to the mission room, to be partakers in a scene which fulfilled their warmest hopes, which realized their fondest anticipations. The Sabbath school was convened as usual, and was remarkably quiet and attentive. The room was soon filled by an audience of a mixed description, but the utmost solemnity and decorum prevailed. We could not restrain our emotion, as the emblems of redemption's finished work were, for the first time in that region, spread before the eyes of the people,—there, where sin had reigned—for years had had unbroken triumph—had slain its thousands and its tens of thousands, as though the Saviour had not died, and lived again. But now the spell was broken, redeeming grace had shown its utmost power, for here were men and women rescued from the most sottish intemperance, from the deepest moral degradation into which human beings can sink, reformed, converted, made "sons of God, and heirs of everlasting life."

Mr. Luckey preached a most appropriate and impressive sermon, from "Do this in remembrance of me;" after which the names of ten persons were called who immediately surrounded the altar, and, after a suitable exhortation, received the right-hand of fellow-

ship from their pastor, to do the same, which with much emotion he did.

After the usual service was read, Mr. Luckey requested the new converts to surround the first table together. Together they had wept, and striven, and prayed; together they should commemorate their deliverance, and anticipate their blood bought victory, when together they should drink new wine in their Father's kingdom. A solemn influence rested upon the congregation; the children seemed awed into perfect silence, and even at the "Five Points," we said, "Lo! God is here! let us adore," and with feelings too deep for expression, the friends of the Mission succeeded those with whom they were thus made "one in Christ," in commemorating the dying love which had rescued each and all. With a solemn, earnest benediction the scene closed, never, never to be erased from the memory of some, to whom it will ever remain an era of solemn feeling, of realized hopes, of joyous anticipations.

The New Mission House.

The New Mission House is a substantial five story edifice, built of brick, twenty-five feet front and forty five deep. The entire expense of its erection is $36,000, of which $23,000 have been paid. The principal building is the chapel which will comfortably seat five hundred persons. It is neatly fitted up and in every way suited for the purpose for which it is intended—the worship of God by the outcasts redeemed from the streets. Services are held here three times each Sabbath day, and on three nights in each week. Adjoining the chapel is a neat parsonage where the Missionary and his family reside. Over the chapel are twenty tenements, consisting of three rooms each, in which poor and deserving families are provided with very comfortable accommodations at the low rent of five dollars a month. Beneath the chapel is a large school-room, fitted up with handsome desks, one for each pupil. A School-room for the Infant Class where from fifty to seventy are in daily attendance, and two rooms for the bath and wardrobes, occupy the remainder of the ground floor.

With enlarged accommodations, the Society hope to

employ other agencies for the moral and social elevation of the degraded poor. They intend, as soon as the benevolence of the public allows them to enlarge the sphere of their operations, to extend their building in the rear, and there to open a room where work will be given to the poor, and a temporary hospital where those, who are suffering from disease, or are without shelter, may be taken in, visited and cared for. Another plan which the Missionary intends to carry into effect this winter is the opening of a reading-room, to be supplied with papers, periodicals and useful and attractive volumes, where the laboring man may spend an hour so usefully and happily that he may lose all taste for the low haunts of ignorance and vice.

These plans, "the past being the best prophet of the future," we hope to see effectively carried out, and working their kindly mission—in this, the lowest strata of society. We give some of the present aspects of the Mission in a simple narration of what we saw and heard there on the third Sabbath in November.

As we entered, the children of the Infant Class, were singing their sweet hymns and twelve or fourteen men and women were seated in the Bible Class room, listening attentively to the instructions of their teacher, Mr. Fessenden. The school was smaller than usual, and on

inquiry, we found that the Missionary, the Rev Mr. Adams, had been invited to address a Missionary meeting in the Pacific street church in Brooklyn, and to bring over a delegation from the Mission Sunday school. Accompanied by Mr. Peet, the teacher of the day school, he took a number of the children over. Most cordially and kindly were they received. A donation of $100 was given to the Mission, and the innocent face and sweet singing of little Charley, one of the infant scholars, attracting general attention, a kind thought srpang up in some generous heart and met with ready favor, and a hundred dollars a year for four years was pledged to educate some hopeful child to be selected from the Mission School.

The chapel was filled with a large congregation representing all the phases of social life, when Mr. Adams returned in time to commence the afternoon service. Every eye was fixed upon the preacher, and tears flowed freely, as he spoke to them simply but touchingly from the words, "Lord evermore give us this bread." As the body cannot live without bread, the soul can have no spiritual life without that living bread that cometh down from heaven—we need this bread daily—there must be a daily communication of grace from above—bread is the food of all the nations

of the earth, and so this bread of life, Christ in the heart of man, is adapted to all tastes. Of bread we never tire, the old man eats it with the same relish that he did when a boy—it never cloys the appetite, and so this bread of life, this grace of God is always new, always satisfying the hunger of the soul. As bread gives strength; so this living bread gives life and immortality. These were his leading topics, and the abundant and appropriate illustrations with which he illuminated his subject evidently went home to the hearts of his hearers—even the children listened with an eager interest which showed that they too could understand the words of the preacher. The whole congregation joined in the closing hymn and quietly retired.

In the evening when the people assembled for prayer-meeting in the large school-room, the place was found too small for them, and the chapel was lighted; more than two hundred persons, most of them "genuine Five Pointers," being present. There were the children, who after being at church and Sunday school twice in the day, were all there uninvited in the evening—there were the members of the Mission, respectably dressed, showing by their outward aspect and bearing, the change religion had wrought—there were seated together ten

or twelve lads, from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who had strayed in, and were very serious and attentive —and there were heads grown gray in the service of sin—poor wrecks of humanity. The story of the Prodigal Son, as related by Mr. Adams—his want and misery in that far off land—his determination to come to his father in his rags and wretchedness—was singularly appropriate to that assembly, and after the close of the services one man without a coat and with a face bloated by intemperance, lingered till the congregation had retired, and then walked up the aisle and asked the Missionary to pray for him. "Sir," he said, "when you told of the Prodigal Son, I did not breathe for two minutes." Mr. Adams had some conversation with him and he left promising to be there again on Tuesday evening.

It was interesting to look at the group of faces solemnized by the influences of the sacred services, and to remember from what depths of sin they had been rescued. It was comforting, too, to remember that as their "day is so" their "strength shall be," and that the merciful Saviour who breaks not the bruised reed, will be especially mindful of these returning wanderers. One old black woman who has repented of her sins

and believed in Christ, is letting her light shine even in Cow Bay, and from that den of iniquity she brought six of her neighbors to the evening prayer-meeting. With another woman from the same vicinity familiarly known as "Debby," the Missionary had conversed upon the great truths which he holds forth to these people, and which she professed not to believe. In his sermon, a short time after, having dwelt on these truths, he earnestly asked as he looked around upon the people "Do you believe this?" Debby imagining herself to be addressed, rose up, and solemnly said, "Yes I do believe every word of it." "Then will you try and be good?" said the preacher, somewhat amused at the interruption and touched by the simplicity and sincerity of the poor ignorant woman, who replied—"By the help of God I will," and took her seat. "Elsewhere," said the missionary "I should have been disconcerted by such an incident, but here one is not astonished by slight deviations from the ordinary law of proprieties."

But to return to the prayer-meeting,—among those who prayed, and spoke with simplicity and feeling was one, whose "father's prayers had reached over the ocean," and had been heard in his behalf—another, who trained in a Methodist Sunday school, in the old country, had, on his arrival here made shipwreck of

his prospects and his hopes in the great gulph of intemperance—he came to a prayer-meeting last summer, partially intoxicated, and signed the pledge, and was wretched the next morning when he found that he had committed himself. After some conversation with Mr. Adams, he became a regular attendant at the chapel, and the blessed influence of other days, softening his heart, he resolved once more to seek the God of his fathers. From that time, he has been steady and prayerful, and though his wife is sadly intemperate, he has ceased to do evil, and is learning to do well. There was an old blind man too, who said that praying without the Spirit, was like wandering in the woods without a compass, or like a blind man seeking the door of a large building.

The class-meetings on Thursday evening, are still more interesting than the prayer-meetings. They are attended only by those who are walking in the good path, or who are seeking to enter it. About thirty of these people meet together to speak of their difficulties and trials, or to express their gratitude for that heavenly grace which has delivered them from the yawning destruction, and has given them a good hope of eternal life. It is surely the great power of God that can work such changes even here, that can enable

these people to break away from their habits of sin, and to walk in the narrow way that leads to eternal life. These social meetings are for them peculiarly needed. They must be watched over—and warned, and counselled that they turn not to the right hand, nor to the left—and the weekly class-meeting brings its hour of close self-examination, to see whether they be in the faith—to prove their own selves.

Varied are the demands upon the Missionary, leaving him scarce any time of preparation for the pulpit—his former preparations availing him nothing here, as he has been obliged to simplify his modes of thought and speech to be fully comprehended by his hearers. They complain when strangers occupy the pulpit, that they do not understand the sermons. "The common people heard Jesus gladly" as He spake to them in parables, and this messenger in Christ's name has, found that truth can be better understood and retained in the minds and hearts of this "peculiar people," when he conveys it to them through some anecdote or familiar illustration. During the week, as the almoner of public bounty, he has constant applications for relief, and he is brought into contact, at every point, with the vice and misery of this wretched place. Great need has he of patience and careful examination as to the real ob-

jects of charity, and while much that is scattered, is like "bread sown upon the waters that may only be found after many days," in some instances, he is cheered by reaping the present reward of his labors. One of these instances, was related to us by the Missionary

"Not long since," said Mr. Adams, "as I was sitting in the office, a poor-looking Jew, with the longest possible face, and most wo-begone expression, came in and asked me if I could do "something for him." I told him I that did not know what he wanted. He said, "I wants some clothes to make me look so as people will like me, and give me work." "What is your business?" said I. "I am glazier; but my diamond is in de pawn-shop, and I has not de means to get it out, so as I can work." "Where do you live?" "Around in de next street; but I is very poor, and cannot get any sleep all tree nights. I wish you could give me some place to sleep." I told him I would help him in some way. He brightened up at this, and I asked him, "Do you love Jesus?" "No!" "Do you believe in him?" "No!" "Do you believe in God?" "Yes! but not Jesus. No! no! not Jesus!" "Do you believe the New Testament?" "No!" "Well, come with me," said I, as he followed me to the wardrobe, where I clothed him, and then enquired. "Do you think Na-

ture a sufficient teacher?" "Yes! do you know my faith?" I said I did not. "Well, den, I am pantheist, and don't believe noting." "It was the religion of Jesus," I replied, "that put it into the hearts of Christians to send these clothes to me for you, and then put it into my heart to give them to you, and (handing him some silver) gave others, and me a heart to give you this? Do you not think there is something in the religion of Jesus?" "I don't know," he said, shaking his head; but as he was going out, I saw the big tear roll down his cheek. I was deeply moved with his cold, cheerless unbelief, and as I knew not how to meet his many objections to the religion of Jesus, I the more earnestly prayed for him.

It was some time before I saw him again; and when I did, he said he was sick, and I sent him to Doctor McNaire, who examined him, and found his liver somewhat affected; though convinced, as he has since told me, that his trouble was more of the mind than the body. He came back to me from the Doctor, and said he "felt very bad." I at once began the old story. "You must be converted—the blood of Jesus can alone take away your sins, and without it, you will be lost after all your good thoughts," He sighed deeply, and I spoke earnestly to him showing him that imme-

diate reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ was his only way of escape. I was called away, and when I came back, he was gone.

Some time elapsed before I saw him again, and then I met him in the street. I asked him how he felt, and to my great surprise and wonder, his only answer was, "I tink I need de blood of Jesus." Without another word, I went on my way, thinking that the Spirit was doing the work, and needed me not. Some days after, I met him full of smiles, with the queerest expression of face imaginable; a tear standing in each eye, and his mouth in a half laugh, half cry form. "How do you do?" said I. With deep earnestness, he replied:—"I feels such a loveness to Jesus, I could not sleep last night." "Do you believe the Bible, now?" I asked. "Yes! I believe, but I do not understand." "Are you sure your sins are all forgiven?" Laying his hand on his breast he said, "O, yes! I know it here."

Mr. Adams closed the narration with a prayer that this stranger who, "feeling after the unknown God" had found a compassionate and mighty Saviour, might be kept from all evil—and with a thanksgiving for the power which made so few words fitly spoken, so wondrously efficacious.

He gave another incident of his Mission work.

On the morning of the 26th of July, as Mr. Adams was seated in, his office, a woman with a little girl, came in, shabbily dressed, and looking wo-begone and dejected. After a few moments conversation he found from her simple and elegant language that she must have known better times, and he told her that he thought that she was more than her appearance indicated. She burst into tears, and told him her story. She was born in Dublin, of respectable parents, and had the advantage of a good common education. She married at an early age with very good prospects for happiness, but her husband unfortunately contracted bad habits, and the consequence was that a snug fortune of sixteen hundred pounds was very speedily dissipated. He died three months before the birth of her youngest child, and at the invitation of her brother then doing business in this city, she arrived here. This brother paid her rent, and she took a few boarders, but he fell into habits of dissipation and soon neglected her. He married a woman of bad character and sank lower and lower in vice—then left the city, and she had not heard from him since.

"Woes cluster, rare are solitary woes." At this time her eldest daughter a fine girl of sixteen, her comfort and her pride, was taken ill, of typhus fever, and after

wearisome days and nights the broken hearted mother closed her eyes in death. She too, worn with watching and sorrow, was sizeed with the same disease, and with no kindred or friends to smooth her pillow and minister to her wants, she was under the necessity of going to the hospital.

She recovered and returned to her room, but found that during her absence many of her things had been taken away, and were not to be found. Since that time she had lived by selling and pawning her articles of furniture, till she was now utterly destitute. She occupied a room in buildings which were being torn down, and as boys came at night and tore away the bricks to get at the wood, she lived in constant fear.

The Missionary looked at her wan pale face, and asked her how long it was since she had tasted food. For two days she had eaten nothing. He had just dined, and he took her at once into the dining room, and seated her and her little girl at the table. There was a nice beaf-steak, and as he filled their plates, and saw the appetite with which they almost devoured the food set before them, he experienced a satisfaction which he said, he was sure those who fared

sumptuously every day never experienced at their lordly feasts.

Mr. Adams at once gave her a room in the Mission building until some permanent measures could be adopted for her relief. A situation could easily have been obtained for her, but she could not bear the thought of being separated from her little girl who was only six years of age and needed a mother's care. She is now in a good place in Brooklyn where she has plenty of work—sewing and embroidery, in which she excels.

A little timely relief, like a word spoken in due season—how good is it? and daily opportunity is afforded to extend such relief in visits to these houses with their "teeming load of life"—in "many a garret," where one may see "the patience, and the fortitude, and the self-sacrifice, and the love stronger than death shining in those dark places of the earth."

CHAPTER VI.

THE REFORMED INEBRIATE.

"Strive to day, one effort more may prove that thou art free,
Here is faith and prayer, here is the Grace and the Atonement.
Here is the creature feeling for its God, the prodigal returning
to his Father." TUPPER.

AMID the many evils which stood in formidable array to impede the efforts made by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, to benefit the wretched inhabitants of the Five Points; that of intemperance was foremost and most gigantic. It seemed to be the root from which every other evil grew, and its universal prevalence was fearful in the extreme. How to meet and overcome it, was one of the earliest questions discussed. A Temperance Society was immediately formed—temperance meetings were held—interesting addresses made—popular songs were sung—and good results soon followed from these efforts. Many were induced to take the pledge, many kept it. But, alas! many relapsed and preached anew the lesson, that fallen man, unaided by the grace of God is perfect weakness. Over some, we were called

to weep; after weeks, yea, months of amendment had given promise of permanent success—over others, we have been permitted to rejoice with an abiding joy.

We shall narrate some circumstances connected with the history of one of the latter class, as the test of a year and a half has made us rather confident in the reality of his amendment. The Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Luckey, was sitting in his office in the Old Brewery, (soon after its purchase by the Society, in May, 1852,) when a tall, dark complexioned, and intelligent looking, middle aged man came staggering in; and in a wild incoherent manner, said:—"Sir—sir, you are a just and good man, and therefore, I come to beg you to go and help me get back my boots." Mr. Luckey asked him to take a seat, and *quietly* tell him his difficulty. He soon learned from him, that he had been engaged in a drunken frolic for some three weeks. (He had been accustomed for several years, to have such sprees once in about three months, and had thus spent all his money.) He had, that morning arisen from his bed, and searched around his miserable home for something which he could pawn, to satisfy the burning thirst within. The only thing that could be found, was a pair of new boots which he had purchased a few days before. Taking them in his hands,

he, with confused and trembling steps, turned towards the pawn-broker's shop.

As he stood before the Old Brewery in vacant mood, a man issued from Murderer's Alley; and accosting him kindly, asked if he wished to sell those boots. He stretched out his hand to take them, they were yielded almost unconsciously, and the thief rushed back into the "Old Brewery." He rushed after him, and by a sudden turn, entered Mr. Luckey's office. He recognized him as the good Missionary of whom he had heard, and thinking he would aid him to recover his lost property, addressed him as above related.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Luckey. "My name, Sir, is John T——." He proceeded to give a short, but as we afterwards learned a correct account of his drunken career, and then added, "I am at present, in an awful state, both of body and mind; and, I want you, Sir, to remove this dreadful spell from me." Mr. L., perceiving that the delirium tremens was rapidly increasing upon him, and that it was useless to reason, said—"none, but God, with your earnest prayers, can keep you; I, cannot." The man arose, and staggering towards Mr. L., said, with maniac energy, "*you* cannot, *you* cannot! Don't that good Book say, the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man avail-

eth much? Yes; God will hear you, but he will not hear such a wretch as I am." "I have," he added "as nice a wife and children as any body has, and if I am too far gone to be helped, which I fear is the case, you can benefit them. I have ruined them," said he, weeping bitterly, "I have ruined them, wretch as I am. Mr. Luckey, won't you come and see them?" "Yes," was the answer, "if you will do as I shall direct, I will come and see you all." "When?" he asked. "At three o'clock this afternoon." Holding out his hand in token of assent, and grasping Mr. L.'s with the utmost energy, he immediately left the office. At the appointed hour, the Missionary was there: but, Oh! what a scene. His wife weeping, his children, fine looking, intelligent boys, nestled in a corner in deep affright; while the father lay stretched upon his miserable bed, trembling from head to foot, as he grappled with all the horrors of delirium tremens. He saw fearful sights—he heard dreadful sounds—snakes and vipers were crawling over him, and winding round him; and as Mr. Luckey entered, he, in tones of agony besought him to keep the demons off.

Mr. L., succeeded in diverting his mind long enough to get his consent to take an opiate, and, after obtaining a promise that he would come to the office and

take the pledge, and giving such relief to the wife as circumstances demanded, he left the wretched man with the earnest prayer, that God would come to his rescue. Deeply did the Missionary feel that only an Omnipotent arm could break those fearful chains, and set that struggling captive free. The next morning, Mr. T. emaciated and desponding, was there as he had promised, and willingly took the pledge—this was the first step, but it did not bring peace. His mind seemed fully awake to the fact that his present misery was only the result of a previous cause. He was assured by Mr. L., that his only hope of success was in obtaining a radical change of heart. He said he was fully convinced of this, and believed that this was his last chance—that the Spirit now resisted, would depart forever. Mr. L., encouraged him to believe that God was willing to aid and strengthen him, and being alone in the office, they solemnly covenanted together to pray for this object, and he assured Mr. L., that he would regularly attend the religious meetings connected with the Mission.

Mr. Luckey advised him to take a room in the Old Brewery, that he might be thus removed from former evil associations. He frankly confessed that he had no money to pay for the room. Mr. L. promised to

become responsible to the agent for one month's rent and to aid in obtaining work for him.

This was done—the outward pressure was removed—the chains of watchful kindness were thrown around him, words of sympathy and love were ever spoken, but day after day elapsed and found him bowed in deep and utter condemnation.

He regularly attended the class, the prayer-meeting and listened to the preaching of the Gospel, with wrapt attention, but the agony of deep remorse seemed to press him to earth, and in vain was Christ offered to him as a present Saviour. Wasted time, wrecked powers, broken health, a desolated home, and a future retribution followed him like spectres, and stood between him and a proffered salvation.

Again the hour of the weekly Class-meeting arrived and Mr. T. sat in his accustomed seat. The Missionary in his turn stood before the penitent man, scarcely knowing how to address him. Was not prayer to be answered? Had he not proclaimed God faithful and true? How could he discover the hindrance and lead that burdened soul to rest. Raising his heart in earnest prayer for direction, and asking that *now* might prove, the hour of deliverance, he asked the usual question, "How do you feel to-night, brother T.!" The tall form

arose before him, the dark eye rested sadly upon him, and the earnest, mournful answer came, "I have tried to do as you advised me, sir, but the more I pray and the more I reflect upon my sinfulness, the worse I appear to get. I can do no more, I give myself up into the hands of my God." "Do you? do you?" answered the Missionary, "this is all that he requires."

He requested the Class to sing

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe,
Here Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

"Do you," asked Mr. L., "do you?" To which he responded "yes I do, I do," and immediately his chains fell off, and glory to God swelled from his freed heart and burst from his loosened tongue. The tall form grew taller as it erected itself in conscious freedom, the dark eye kindled with a living light, the clear tone lost its sadness, and with indescribable energy he continued "I feel as I never felt before, I feel that God has pardoned all my sins, and this is the happiest hour of my life. Oh! help me to praise God and pray that he may strengthen and keep me." We will not attempt to describe the joy of that hour. The missionary's heart was full, and they bowed and wept together.

Weeks and months rolled away, and the man gave evidence of entire transformation. He was intelligent, and able to give a reason for his hope. He soon began to take part in the prayer-meetings and temperance meetings, and the influence of his words and looks was felt deeply throughout the mission bounds.

In a conversation with him, one of the ladies learned that his former wife was a devoted Christian; and years before he had bowed beside her triumphant death-bed, and heard her last prayer for him tremble on her dying lips. Years of sin and misery had fled since then —and memory, faithful to her trust, had often recalled that scene, awakening the most bitter anguish. Now, it arose before him, to deepen his gratitude and strengthen his faith. The sudden and total disuse of liquor seemed to create a lassitude and weakness, and for a time we feared that consumption was doing its fatal work. The inner man grew strong—peace—deep peace was so written upon a naturally expressive countenance, as to attract the attention even of casual visitors; but those who were watching him with the most earnest Christian solicitude were anticipating his speedy removal to his home above.

Just at this crisis, an unexpected opening invited him

to the country. All urged his departure, for his own benefit, and that of his two fine boys.

We parted with deep regret, for amid the many discouragements which pressed upon our hearts, the sight of that peaceful countenance, bright index of a renovated heart, that visible proof of what the grace of God could accomplish, always brought strength and encouragement; and it seemed hard to let the lights of the Mission thus remove.

The summer fled—his health became renovated, his steady piety continued; business prospered, and he is now a respectable, thriving mechanic, a happy, consistent Christian, a living monument of God's almighty power, a reformed, converted inebriate.

Eighteen months have rolled away since that miserable drunkard staggered into the office of the "Old Brewery," which had just been redeemed from Satan's possession, by the liberality of a generous public. If the Missionary had not been there, and been faithful to his ministry, such results could not have followed. God set his seal of approbation thus early on the effort, and encouraged those engaged to press on amid innumerable difficulties. In answer to a letter of inquiry just written, Mr. Luckey, who, by the Conference removal, was stationed at the same place to which T. had removed

says, "Brother T. and his wife (who experienced religion a few days after he did,) have been received into full membership. They are very much respected and beloved here as well as at the Mission on account of their exemplary deportment, and humble devotion." He adds, "Brother T. paid his rent at the Old Brewery before the month was out, and regularly ever after. He has now all his winter provisions in and paid for, and is out of debt. He has not to my knowledge trangressed the strictest principle of Christianity since the day of his conversion, eighteen months ago!"

Triumphant Death.

"The being born to toil, to die,
To break forth from the tomb,
Unto far nobler destiny
Than waits the sky-lark's plume!
I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
Win the first knowledge of his dower!

"It seemed as if a temple rose
Before me brightly there,
And in the depths of its repose,
My soul o'erflowed with prayer,
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
The flower of new-stamped sanctity!"

On one of the coldest days of the extremely cold winter of 1851–52, a visitor entered a basement

room in Cow bay. This locality and "the Old Brewery," are the two most famous spots in that dark region. For misery, degradation, filth, and multitudes they cannot be exceeded, and it requires considerable physical and moral courage to climb to garrets and descend to cellars, where every sense is offended by the extreme wretchedness which abounds on every hand.

In this basement room, from which some women were vainly trying to exclude the rain-water which had just rained down in torrents and was overflowing the gutters, which were choked with ice and refuse, a young man was found in the last stage of consumption, lying on the floor, without sufficient clothing to shield him in any degree from the excessive cold. Such relief was afforded as was in the immediate power of the visitor, and the case was reported.

A day or two after, two ladies, interested in the mission, called. Conversing with him they found him in a subdued state of mind, seeming to recognize the hand of God in his affliction, and prepared for further teaching. They gave him instruction in the simplest manner possible, (for he had been an ignorant Catholic,) sang for him, "Arise, my soul, arise," to which he listened with the utmost interest,

occasionally responding to the sentiments uttered, and after joining in prayer, left him in strong faith that God had visited the man, and by his providence and his Spirit was assuredly leading him to himself. Through the interest and care of several benevolent friends he was soon removed to a quiet attic room, supplied with comfortable bedding and clothing, furnished with nourishing food, and visited continually by the Missionary and his wife. Previously, however, to his removal, and immediately after the ladies' visit, Mr. Luckey called. He then found him with a broken and a contrite heart. He instructed him in the nature of simple, immediate faith in a present Saviour, and kneeling in prayer endeavored to lead his mind to Jesus. As he prayed faith strengthened, and when he arose the countenance of the man plainly revealed that the crisis had passed, and Barney Hart was rejoicing in *conscious* pardon.

"The soul, the awakening soul I saw,
My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe,
Sweeping o'er that pale face.

"And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of his gaze;
A sight with dew of blessing fraught
To hallow after-days;
To make the proud heart meekly wise,
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes."

After his removal from the terrible place in which he was found, he was visited almost daily, either by the missionary and his wife, or by the friends deeply interested in the Mission. He was instructed and examined until all were satisfied of the reality of the change within him. His mind was kept in perfect peace; calmness was written on every feature of his countenance. The Lord in mercy to his suffering frame kept the tempter from exerting his usual influence, and day after day, and week after week, witnessed the gradual and painful decay of the outer man, while the inward man grew strong and yet stronger in faith and hope and love, until the ransomed spirit took its triumphant flight to heaven. On the suceeding Sabbath the funeral services were held in the Mission-room. The coffin was brought in, and by its side was a little one containing a child three years of age, who had died the day before. A funeral sermon was preached to a crowded audience, (among whom were many Catholics,) by the Missionary, who most judiciously improved the solemn occasion, and then the bodies were borne to Greenwood Cemetery, the expenses being defrayed by many friends. As Barney's name, by his own request, had been enrolled upon the Church-

book of the Mission weeks before he died, we had promised to bury him in a Protestant ground.

Thus passed one spirit from the Five Points to the throne of God, but not the only one, for of several adults we have entertained the strongest hopes, and some of our Sabbath-school children have died, singing, "There is a happy land."

We have sowed the seed with trembling, and watered it with tears; we have hoped, yea, believed that it was taking deep root in many hearts, and occasionally we have exulted over the ripe fruit which was soon garnered in heaven. We are looking for greater things, hoping it is but the first-fruits of the harvest, and we ask the continued prayers and aid of our friends.

CHAPTER VII.

SEED SOWN IN THE MORNING.

"When parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way —I could never rid myself of them"—CECIL.

THE history of one of the members of our Mission so forcibly illustrates the truth that early impressions, though seemingly lost, frequently re-appear in after life,—as parchments whose first records have been displaced by vain legends, are enabled by a chemical process to reveal their original inscriptions—that its narration may not be without its lesson.

J. A. was born and brought up in a pious family. All recollections of his parents recognize the pervading element of their piety. A Methodist class-leader for fifty years, his father ever maintained a character without reproach. "Never did I see in him," said his son, "anything that would condemn him, he was a praying man, and in harvest time, when we had seven or eight men employed on the farm, all were required to be present at the regular family prayer, morning and evening." Parental admonition and example seemed

for the time lost upon the son, who joined the Orange men and was thus brought into associations most unfavorable to his piety. His father frequently remonstrated with him upon his course of life, and told him with sorrow of heart, "that everything would go agin him until he turned to God—and that he would be brought very low before the Lord would raise him up."

One day as he was carrying a load of potatoes which his father had sold to the teacher of a school, he was attracted by a young girl seated in the window. "I liked her," he said, "and I thought she liked me," and though she was above his degree, he found some means of making known his attachment. Shortly after, having had a violent attack of fever, and been given over by the physicians, he sent a message to this young girl begging her to let him see her once before he died. She came and standing on the porch, raised the window and leaning on the window-sill, she spoke to him, and as he looked upon her he saw the tears stealing down her face. Whether this interview was as healing medicine to the sick man, we know not, but he recovered, and married the object of his affections, much to the displeasure of her family. Her father gave her some money and fine cattle for her husband's farm, and then refused all further intercourse with her.

She soon accommodated herself to her new circumstances, and though unused to labor, after a few months, she dismissed the servant-girl and worked with her own hands. An increasing family and a diminishing income—the potato rot and the high price of provisions,—all things seemed indeed "to go agin" the struggling husband and father. With the hope of bettering his condition, he opened a store, and purchased a stock of provisions, partly on credit, but their hearts were "too soft" to demand fair prices from their starving customers, and the store proved a losing concern. The grocer from whom he had made his purchases, for a debt of £2 6*s.* threw him into prison, where he remained for four months. He found "favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison," and as he neither drank nor smoked, he was entrusted with the task of allotting to the prisoners their portion of food. For this service he received one and sixpence a week, and when his wife came to visit him once a fortnight, he always had three shillings to give her to aid in supporting the five helpless children at home.

One day one of the turnkeys brought in four loaves of bread, which he had stolen from the baker's cart, and was proceeding to divide them, giving J. A. his portion, when he asked him how he obtained them, and on being told

remomstrated with him on his dishonesty, and insisted upon their being returned. The baker, who was a Catholic, on becoming acquainted with the circumstance, and knowing A—— to be an Orangeman, was much pleased with the man's honesty, and soon had an opportunity of manifesting his gratitude by kind deeds. A new law was passed, by which all who were imprisoned for debts under £10, were set free, and A—— regained his liberty. His friend, the baker, filled a box with bread for the freed prisoner to carry home, and took him nearly all the way in his car.

It was eleven at night, and thinking that his wife in her poverty might have no candle, by the light of which he could once more see her face and the loved faces of his children, he stopped to purchase one; for he had five shillings in his pocket. He first went to his father's house, and the mother came and threw herself upon his neck, and wept over her son, come back to her again. But a few months after this, she passed away into that land where, all tears shall be wiped away. She went with him to be present at the joyful meeting with his family. Sore days and hard work were still before him, and though he had his own land, he wrought for a neighbor for four-pence a day.

His wife's father paid her passage and that of her

eldest daughter; and with a baby in her arms, she embarked for this country. On the voyage, One who could do better for that little one than its mother, took it to a world where "there is no sea"—neither trouble nor crying. The stricken wife and mother who never complained of the life of privation and labor to which her marriage had introduced her, soon after her arrival patiently began her work, the avails of which were to reunite her to her husband. She was seamstress in a family in Westchester County,—and not a cent did she spend for herself, till her husband's passage money was transmitted to him. There was no surplus to defray little Johnny's passage, but how could the father leave his three year old boy behind? The two girls remained with their grandfather, but Johnny must share his fortunes, and with the child in his arms, he travelled to Belfast, where he was to take shipping, with the hope of receiving aid from a friend there. That hope was disappointed; but on hearing his story, some one connected with the ship advised him to take his trunk below and await the issue. The next day, as two gentlemen were calling the roll of the passengers, the father came forward with his boy, and said he had only money to pay for himself, but he could not leave his child an orphan—and if not allowed to take him, he must

go to Liverpool, to try what he could do there. The one gentleman whispered to the other, and they told him to pass on; and he was permitted to bring his boy out free. Thus Providence, he said, was beginning to open his way for him, and he began then, *on the sea*, to pray to the God whose claims he had so long neglected.

He landed at night, with three pence in his pocket, and went to the Alms-house for shelter. In the morning, he went forth, holding his boy on his back, and a little bare foot in each hand, to protect it from the cold. By his side were two children, whose mother was dead, and who had come out to join their father, to whom he was taking them. A gentleman touched with the forlorn aspect of the group, stopped and put a shilling in the boy's hand, gave a piece of money to each of the children, and took them all to an eating-house, where he gave them a good breakfast. How gratefully has that way-side benefaction been remembered!

J. A. had been brought up on the same farm with Archbishop Hughes, and on the recent visit of this dignitary to the home of his boyhood, he had rambled with him over every nook of the farm. To his residence, therefore, he directed his steps, and on hearing his name, the Archbishop came out, asked him in

the parlor, and received him kindly. He gave him two dollars and a letter to a bookseller, to furnish him with books for sale. And at a subsequent time, when the poor man "got in a great strait," he gave him further assistance of money and clothes. The bookseller furnished him with a stock in trade, by which he contrived to make a living. He was soon joined by his wife, and they took a room in Mulberry street. He found his way to the Green street church, where the pastor "clothed him from his skin out," for he found it hard to support himself and his family.

As he lived not far from the Five Points Mission, he he went there to church, and while listening to the preaching, and the faithful personal admonitions of the Missionary, his heart was entirely subdued. When he went there to the Prayer-meetings, he said, all the early religious privileges he had slighted, rose up before him, and he resolved with strong crying and tears, to seek the God of his fathers. And he did seek him with an earnest heart for three months, and he "at length found the pearl of great price." It was, one morning early, at four o'clock, while he was lifting up his heart to God, he felt a sweet peace and joy, that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned his sins, and brought him from darkness into light. He rose, and

kneeling down beside his bed, he thanked God for his great mercies to a poor unworthy sinner. And from that time he has been endeavoring to lead a new life.

A tall, handsome man is his wife's father—with a fine estate just inherited from an aunt—an elegant equipage —a train of dogs fed from his plentiful table—can he "hide himself from his own flesh?" Those two little girls for whom a mother's heart yearned, as she thought of the broad ocean that rolled between—can their mother's father withhold the boon which would restore them to the arms of their parents? When they ask bread, will he give them a stone? Yes, verily, —but kind friends were found at the mission, and their proffered aid once more reunites the scattered family.

They are all together now, in their cheerful room, in the Mission building—and all the children in the Mission school. And the patient, uncomplaining wife is, we trust, learning in the school of Christ, where she will find a rest she never knew before—a peace which makes the heart of her husband glad, and which will prove to her a satisfying portion. "He prays for her night and day," he says, and gratefully does he acknowledge that "God even makes his worldly business to prosper"—that his "father's prayers have reached

him over the ocean," and have brought down blessings upon him. And when he heard of the poverty of his father, who, by the failure of the crops, had been reduced to "the walls of his house, grass for a goat, and turf-bog for the winter," he hastened to the coal-yard where he had just purchased a ton of coal, and leaving his own necessities to be supplied as he had need and means, he requested the money to be returned that he might send it to his father. The early prophecy was verified—he was brought to the lowest depths of want—he had left his father's house, and the farm, where his careless boyish years were spent, and had sunk down even to the Five Points, and there the Lord raised him up!

The Rescued Family.

"Look on this picture of joy and remember that portrait of sorrow. Behold the beauty of goodness, behold the deformity of sin."—TUPPER.

In the early part of June, 1850, shortly after the opening of the Mission-room, I observed, one Sunday morning, among the children gathered in the school, a girl of eight or nine years of age, whose innocent expression of countenance was so strongly contrasted with the bold air of most of her associates that it attracted my attention. When the school was dismissed I asked her name, and where she lived. She

seemed to shrink from the glance which I cast upon her tattered, filthy garments, and dishevelled hair.

"Do you know where the Tabernacle is?" I asked.

"O, yes; I sweep the street there sometimes, and sell mint at the hotel near it."

"Will you come to my house to-morrow morning, at No. —, near the Tabernacle? I wish to see you."

At nine o'clock the next morning she was at the door. I took her to the laundry, had her put into a tub of water, where she got a thorough ablution, and had afterward her hair well combed—an operation to which it seemed it had been months, if not years a stranger. As I had a little daughter about her age, whose clothes would fit her, I clothed her from head to foot, and when the bonnet was put upon her head the poor child looked up with a pleasant and happy expression of countenance, and broke the silence which she had maintained throughout the entire ceremony, as she exclaimed, "O, ma'am, how good I feel!" Soap and water, with clean clothes, had made a potent transformation; and the little, clean, satisfied face that looked out from the bonnet amply rewarded me. On leaving, she was told she must keep her clothes neat for the coming Sabbath, and another suit was in part provided for her. The following Sabbath she was one of the first at the Mission School, in as neat a trim as she had left me the Monday before. In the interim she had re-assumed her usual garb, to pursue her ordinary avocation, which was sweeping the street and supplying markets and hotels with mint for mint-juleps.

Little Jane's altered appearance made so favorable an impression on her associates, that I thought the rude, rough boys might be benefited by an example of cleanliness among their number. My eye again sought out and found the same innocent expression of face in an honest, well-behaved lad of

about fourteen years of age. He was so retiring and modest in his bearing, that I resolved to speak with him when school should be dismissed. I did so; invited him to my house; had him dressed; sent him to the hatter's for a cap, and had him fully prepared for the next Sabbath. Upon inquiry, I learned to my surprise that he was a brother to little Jane. The pantaloons which we had provided for him being too long, I told him to ask his mother to put a tuck in them, just where I put the pins for a mark.

The next Sabbath both the children were at the Mission School, clean and neatly dressed, but no alteration had been made in the pantaloons, the pins remaining just where I had placed them as marks for a tuck. He caught my eye as I entered, and while speaking with him I observed he was chewing tobacco. I desired him to come to my house again on the morrow. When he came I asked him if he believed I was his friend? "O yes, ma'am, I guess I do." "Then I wish you to feel, my boy, that what I say to you is the expression of my interest in your welfare, and I wish you to be open and frank with me, and answer me truly. Do not be afraid to own anything that is wrong in yourself; for I know you are surrounded by much to lead you astray."

From the look he gave me, I felt I had his confidence.

"Do you swear, Joseph?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Do you drink?" "No, ma'am."

"Do you break the Sabbath?" "Yes, ma'am, I'm afraid I do."

"Do you steal?" His no was emphasized and elongated, as with a look of almost triumphant innocence he said, "I never stole a pin in all my life."

"Well, Joseph, do you chew tobacco?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Quarrel with bad boys in the street?" "Yes; they lick me first, I pay them back, that's all."

Upon further inquiry, I found [illegible] been employed for two years to set up nine pins, in an alley in the basement of one of our principal hotels. For this work he received two dollars and a half a week, but the poor child was kept up nearly all night, and then sold papers to fill up his other waking hours.

When I asked him why he had not had his pantaloons made shorter, he hesitated, he seemed unwilling to answer; but on my repeating the question, with the assurance that it was no fault if he had forgotten to ask his mother, he replied, while his eye filled with tears, and his lip quivered with emotion, "My mother drinks, ma'am."

"Cannot you persuade your mother to become sober?" said I. "No, ma'am, she will not take the pledge."

I took down a book, and asked him if he could read? "Quite imperfectly," was the sensible reply.

I then read to him various incidents related in anecdotes for the young, by the late Rev. Daniel Smith, concerning the swearer, the Sabbath breaker, and the drunkard, showing him how signally God would bless even the efforts of a child to rescue a parent from intemperance. The silent tear rolled down his cheek as I urged upon him the necessity of doing all he could to free himself and family from the vices to which they were addicted; and he said most earnestly, "I won't swear any more, nor chew any more tobacco."

A few days after this promise was made, I observed Joseph again chewing. I said kindly to him, "So Joseph your habit of chewing was so strong you could not keep your promise." "O yes I have; I am chewing camomile flowers;" taking them from his vest pocket. He said his appetite left him when he gave up his tobacco and he was obliged to break off by this means, and he did succeed; a pattern, we think, for older heads.

"Will you take me to see your mother, Joseph?" said I, "Not to day, ma'am, please."

"But why?" "She is not up yet; she is not sober."

"Never mind, let me go with you now; I think she will be up by the time we get there."

After much persuasion he consented. On our way down Anthony street, as if to prepare me for the wretchedness of his miserable home, he said I would find the house very dirty; but no anticipation could equal the sad reality. The entry through which I was obliged to pick my steps led to the door of a room, the air of which was almost intolerable, so offensive was the odor on opening the door. It was on the ground floor, and the crevices and holes of the broken flooring were a receptacle for the refuse food and slops. The front of the room had been used as a bar-room, but the partition had been taken down, and with it large pieces of the wall and ceiling. On a broken table, braced up against the wall to keep it from falling, lay a dog, beside a piece of bread, a dirty plate of butter, a broken tea-pot, and an iron pot with a few potatoes; a few plates, knives, and forks. Other furniture there was none, save an old chair without a back, a few dirty rags serving for bed and bedclothes, and a broken bedstead thrown down in a drunken frolic a week before. And this was the home of those children, with their sweet, innocent faces—this was the atmosphere of physical and moral pollution in which these young creatures were being trained for eternity!

A man was seated on a bundle of old and fresh herbs, with three boys opposite him, all busily engaged tying up and arranging mint in bundles, for the markets and hotels, Could the drinkers of mint juleps, as they lifted the cup from the marble table of the gilded saloon, have seen the untold filth of the room in which the mint, gathered by the side of

the limpid brook, was prepared for their use, they would have dashed down the draught with disgust from their lips, and would never have felt an inclination to taste it again.

In the far corner of the room another scene presented itself. There lay the mother of the interesting children drunk, upon the floor. The boy, approaching her, pushed her with his foot, saying, with almost despairing earnestness in his tones, "Mother, get up; do get up; here is the lady who gave Jeannie and me our clothes; do get up." She was at length aroused by the child's appeal, and, staggering toward the mantel-piece, against which she leaned heavily, she said, "You are very good, ma'am, for what you did for my children—and I am very sick." "I think you look ill," I replied, "and I came here to see if I could do you any good." She was evidently affected at these words of kindness but she only reiterated that she was so sick. And so she was, poor creature, with a sore and grievous sickness overpowering both body and mind; but she was to me a most interesting woman, her face indicating that she had not aways been so degraded.

The man on the herbs, who had been listening to our conversation, and had not before spoken, now exclaimed, "You know you are not sick at all; you know you have been drunk all night; and I had to get the breakfast this morning myself. That is what ails her, ma'am" "Is this your husband?" I asked the woman. "Yes ma'am; no, ma'am," she hurriedly answered. "No, ma'am; he has lived here with me since the children's father died, and he is very good to my children." "Are these three boys all your children?" "Only one; the other two lads who are bundling mint are not mine. I have but two boys and one girl. Those two boys, ma'am, are orphans, whose parents died with the cholera; and they have lived here ever since, for I promised their mother to

look after them." And in all her degradation and poverty she had sheltered these orphans in her wretched home, and they accompanied the man when he went into the country to gather herbs, and assisted him to prepare them for sale; and in this way the family was supported.

I now expostulated with her on her vicious course of life. How could she, a mother, with three such very interesting children growing up around her, so debase herself? She replied, that she had no decent clothes, or they would have been married. The man, contradicting her, said that was not the case; for he had been willing several times to be married, but "she would go on a spree, and then he would not have her." He added, that "if she only would keep sober, she was as respectable as any lady in New-York." I suggested, and then urged, that she should sign the pledge, and if she remained sober till after the Fourth of July, and they were still of the opinion that it would contribute to their happiness to be married, that suitable clothing should be provided, and the ceremony should take place in the Mission-room. She took the pledge and kept it: and on the evening of the 5th of July, 1850, they stood respectably arrayed in front of the altar in our Mission-room, while the missionary performed the marriage ceremony with great solemnity, and at the close gave them an instructive exhortation to be on their guard against the evils of intemperance.

They promised, as they returned home with lighter and happier hearts than they had known for many a day. A comfortable room was then procured for them. It was neatly white-washed, and furnished with the luxuries of bedsteads, bedding, chairs, and a table. A place was found for the man in a coal-yard, and the elder boy, Joseph, was placed at a trade, the younger children at school, and the orphan boys at trades.

After some months the watchful oversight of the woman was thought to be no longer necessary, and she broke her pledge. We besought her again to sign it; and, to our surprise, she not only consented to do so, but said, with a strength of resolution, "I shall now sign it as I ought: I feared my habits were too strong when I signed before, and therefore allowed you to write my name, while I put my cross under it: I feared I would break it, but now with the help of the Lord, I think I can keep it;" and she wrote her name as well as we could have written it for her; and, though nearly two years have elasped since, yet she maintains her integrity, and has never tasted anything that could intoxicate. The husband has never broken his pledge at all, but is considered a strictly honest, sober man, and still retains his place in the coal-yard. Joseph, by his strict attention to evening school, has learned to read and write; and his employer intrusts him with every valuable article in his store, and believes him to be worthy of unlimited confidence. And as we visit them from time to time in their altered home, they show us, with great satisfaction, some addition to its comforts—a clock, bureau, and a few pictures, &c., which their savings have enabled them to purchase; and if a new dress or coat is purchased, they wish us to see it, even before it is worn, knowing how fully we rejoice in all their prosperity. At the last Thanksgiving supper, when seven hundred of the locality were fed in the mammoth tent, we invited them to be present, but Joseph replied:—"We are out of the Five Points now, and I do not wish to eat with them;" thus proving that when self respect is gained, they will not desire to live among the degraded.

This is but one of the families rescued from deep degradtion through the instrumentality of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society; and there are still innocent young faces

pleading for their neglected childhood their miserable homes, and their abandoned parents. Will not the citizens of New-York, by their liberal gifts, enable this society to carry out their plans to satisfactory issues? The Mission has a public good in view, and it looks for public sympathy and support. It endeavors to elevate the temporal condition of these poor, forlorn ones, so long uncared for, but it also aims to throw the Christian element among these degraded masses, with the strong faith that it will even here attest its divine origin and its wonder-working power—that the little leaven will leaven the whole lump.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARY D———.

Life to life, and dust to dust!
Christ hath bled upon a tree,
Thine the promise, ours the trust,
We are weak, but God is just;
Miserere Domine. READ.

ONE Sabbath afternoon in the winter of 1852, I was looking for the residence of some of our school children, who lived at No. 2 Cow Bay. Not knowing which room in the building they occupied, I knocked at each door successively till I reached the second story front room. The door being opened I observed a very sickly looking woman shivering with an ague, sitting upon a hard bench. On enquiring the cause I found she was just recovering from a hemorrhage of the lungs, and she said the sitting posture gave her more relief. I did not doubt it, for the bed (if it might be called one) was a poor pallet on a few planks nailed against the wall to serve for a bedstead, while the scanty covering scarcely sufficed to keep her from freezing.—We were enabled from the Mission wardrobe to supply

her with comfortable bedding, some pillows, and a warm double gown; our Missionary and his wife took a lively interest in her case, and this care for a stranger exciting her wonder prompted the question, if we were not of the "Sisters of mercy?" We told her that our Mission was one of mercy, but we were not entitled to that name as she understood it. A gentleman attached to the Mission sent her a large easy chair, another provided her with fuel, and she was thus made comparatively comfortable.

Her husband, who when he was sober, was very kind, at other times treated her brutally. At last he was prevailed upon by our Missionary to sign the pledge, which he faithfully kept for about three months. In an hour of temptation he broke it; and as he became very harsh in his treatment of his sick wife, at times her distress of mind and body bordered upon distraction. In the visits of the ladies she would narrate all her sorrows to us, saying, "I know you pity a poor creature like myself." We urged her constantly to carry her sorrows to the throne of grace, and tried to instruct her in the truths of the Gospel. She expressed great willingness to be taught, and in the simplicity of her heart would say, "I will do all you bid me. I will pray just as you tell me." But

the poor creature was so totally ignorant of the teachings of the Gospel, that she seemed to think it a religious act to invoke God's judgments on her intemperate husband. Soon her appetite failed, and consumption was manifestly doing its work. We felt that she was utterly unprepared to meet her God, and asked her what church she attended. She replied, "the Catholic Church in Chambers street." She had not however gone much of late, for when, she had had a former hemorrhage and thought she would die, she had sent to the priest, who finding the crisis was past, had told her not to send for him again till she was sure she was dying. This troubled her, and she did not dare again to send for him, although she felt that she "ought to be confessed." We told her to confess her sins to God, and beseech him for the sake of Christ to pardon her, that the blessed Jesus was the all-atoning sacrifice and *one Great High Priest.* She asked if it were indeed so, and while we were praying with her, weak and emaciated as she was, she arose and knelt by our side, occasionally sobbing out as we implored forgiveness in her behalf.

Weeks rolled on, and at every opportunity the Missionary and friends visited her, endeavoring to teach her to lay hold on Christ by simple faith. Her mind

seemed gradually to become enlightened, she was exceedingly patient and submissive, but would often say, "What an awful place to die in."

Thus eight months passed by on that bed of disease in that comfortless room, for while we had been enabled to supply her with food and clothing through the kindness of friends and from the wardrobe of the Mission, yet sleep was almost driven from her eyes by the noises in the adjoining rooms and houses which resounded by night, as well as by day, with the most awful blasphemies and brawls. Many times while praying with this poor woman have Christian hearts been almost appalled at the sounds which broke upon their ear. *But even in Cow Bay, close by the pit of darkness, God heard and answered prayer;* comfort was poured into that dying woman's heart, and she was made to rejoice in the forgiveness of her sins. From this time the fear of death was taken from her,—she said her peace was made with God—and she could look for and welcome death.

On Sunday Nov. 6, 1853, in our usual visit, we found her greatly changed; she was fast falling away, and when I entered her room, she did not at first recognize me, but when I approached the bed and said, "Mary how are you to day?" She smiled her recognition

stretched out her hand, and answered, "Almost gone." "Are you still happy in God, Mary?" "Oh yes, I would not get well again, for any thing." "What are your feelings now towards Charles?"—the husband to whose cruel treatment, she attributed her sufferings, and whom she had declared herself unable to forgive. "Oh, ma'am" (placing her hand upon her heart,) "I forgive him from here, and I have been praying that my death might bring him to God, I am willing, yes ma'am, I long to die, and be with Christ, I shall soon be in a better habitation than this. She then, in strong language, expressed her gratitude for the kindness, and care she had received. On the Friday following, she sent for me about ten o'clock. The rain was pouring in torrents, and as I left the rail-car, with the little girl who had been sent for me, a gentleman standing on the corner, seemed to wonder what could be our errand in that neighborhood, and followed us to the house. He was told the facts, and as he turned away, remarked, "I am utterly surprised that any lady would venture in such a place as this, to see any body." He little knew the changes which three years had wrought in that locality. We found Mary in a kind of slumber, but the woman who had been engaged to watch by her, said, "Mary here is your friend, Mrs. ——, who has come

at your bidding." At the sound of my voice, she turned her head, opened her eyes, and smiled. "Mary, is Jesus precious to you now?" Clasping her hands, an affirmative nod was the answer. "Do you feel that you will soon stand before your God, and are you happy at the thought?" "Yes," was the answer. "Are you resting and trusting in Christ alone?" "Yes." "Shall I pray with you, Mary?" an affirmative look was her only reply. We kneeled at her bed-side for the last time, her hands were tightly clasped in prayer, and in this manner she lay about an hour, when her Master called her, we humbly trust, from her dark abode on earth, to one of the "many mansions" prepared for those who love him.—

"Tenant of a hovel for a day,
Thou art heir of the universe forever."

The Dying Mother.

"The shadow of the grave was nigh,
But to her face was given
A holy light from that far home,
Where she was hastening—Heaven!"

In the winter of 1851 a fine, hearty, frank-looking lad attracted our attention by his excellent bass voice, and we invariably looked for him at the opening of the school. In

THE DYING MOTHER.

a little while he got the soubriquet of Chorister among the children, and we would ask him to raise a tune, in the absence of the superintendent. We learned his residence, and visited his parents; found them industrious, but poor Roman Catholics. The mother appeared very feeble. There were six children—four of their own, and two orphans of a deceased sister. We, learned also, that the eldest boy (our chorister) was the greatest help to the parents by selling newspapers in the morning, and extras when issued. We invited them to our mission school. The children came, improved greatly, and we soon felt a most lively interest in their welfare.

"The eldest boy came as often as he could the second year, as he had so far advanced in his business of news-selling as to be able to obtain the situation of newsboy for the first fifty miles on the New York and Erie Railroad. This situation he kept until the awful accident which occurred one evening when he was in the car. Our readers may recollect a boy being thrown from the car, and almost buried in the ground. This was our chorister boy. The circumstance so intimidated him that he could never be persuaded to go again in the cars, and we obtained a situation for him to learn a trade.

"We found the other children equally interesting, and they soon learned to read with facility. We gave one of the younger boys a Bible, and told him it was a rule of the school to present a Bible, with gilt edges, with the name inscribed, to every child who should commit to memory the Saviour's sermon on the Mount—the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matthew. The boy promised to try, and next Sabbath came to school with the chapters committed to memory The children were regular attendants upon the day-school also, and the ladies of the mission took the entire charge of

clothing them. This opened an intercourse with the parents, and they looked to us for aid in sickness, and advice in health.

"One day, last fall, the daughter came to me to say her mother was very ill, and wished to see me. I went immediately, and found her quite ill with cancer of the stomach, and in great agony. We sent from the mission wardrobe, both clothing and bedding to make her more comfortable; visited her very often, and were careful to prove to her that her temporal comforts were subjects of our thought and care; for it is a fact, that if this course is not pursued, the people of this locality will not listen carefully to what you say about their spiritual interests. Their confidence in your sincerity once gained, you have access to their hearts, and they will give attention, believing you are truly their friend.

"I hinted, from time to time, that she might not recover, hoping to draw her out. I found her one day much changed, her disease making rapid progress on her poor body. She then told me her physician gave her but little hope of recovery. I asked her if she herself entertained any hopes of recovery. She replied she did not. 'Well, my dear friend, said I, 'how does the future look to you? Are you prepared for the great change of worlds?' She answered, 'I trust in God; he will prepare me.' 'What makes you think you will be saved, and on what do you ground your hopes that God will prepare you?' I inquired. 'O, madam,' said she, 'God is good—he is merciful to a poor creature like myself' 'So he is,' said I, 'good as well as merciful, and *just* as well as good. He is a God of justice, and has distinctly said, in his holy word, that without pardon and change of heart we cannot enjoy his presence.' 'But how is a poor creature like me to know if God does pardon?' I tried to point her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;

showed her the necessity of the new birth; and tried to explain the goodness of God in the witness of the Spirit. She listened with profound attention, and bid me talk on. I then told her of the Saviour's conversation with Nicodemus, (which was all new to her;) of the impossibility of an impure human creature's living with God and his angels without change. She asked, "But how am I to get this change? I am willing; yes, I long to live with God when I die.' I replied, 'it is only by confessing our sins to God, and begging him, for Christ's sake, to change our heart.' I then said, 'raise your heart continually, and say, Lord Jesus forgive my sins, pardon my offences, and give me the witness that I am thy child—that my sins are pardoned.'

"I prayed with her. She wept, while she repeated after me nearly every word of our supplicatory prayer. I told her to continue looking. God did not require her to exhaust her strength; (for she thought it was not prayer unless she could rise and kneel, God would hear the unbreathed desire, only she must keep looking, and expecting the change.

"The next Sabbath, I called in company with one of the gentlemen of our advisory committee, who spoke in a very instructive manner to her, prayed, and committed her to God. The following week I visited her again. She brightened up as I entered, saying, 'O how glad I am you have come! I want to tell you what has happened me. On Sunday night I was trying to lift up my heart as you and the gentleman told me, and all at once I felt the patience of an angel come over me. I felt that I wanted to die right away; and it has lasted me ever since. I have not felt a pain worth thinking about, my mind is so happy.'

"'Does this change prove what I told you, that God could speak to the heart in a way that man could not explain?' 'O yes,' she replied; 'all that was told me was truth.

I am very happy. I can leave my husband, children, and all in the hands of my God.' In this happy frame of mind she continued for several weeks before her death.

"One Tuesday morning, about eight o'clock, two of the children came to my house, to say that their mother was dying, and wished to see me. I left my breakfast, and hastened to her bedside. When I entered, she had her eyes closed, and hands clasped in prayer. The Spirit had taught her to make intercession in language that need not be uttered. I beckoned the children not to disturb her, but they were anxious she should see me. I told her I was ready to do anything she might wish. 'Well,' she replied, 'I am about to leave you, my dear, dear friend,' clasping my hands, and kissing them over and over again. 'And I have sent for you to ask you to take the care of my children.' I then, for the first time, said to her, 'You are aware that I am a Protestant, are you not? And in giving me your children I must do what I should conceive to be my duty toward them. Their education must be such as is directed by the word of God.' 'I know all that,' she replied; 'will you have a look over them?' 'I will,' I answered. She then gave me the children, one by one, exhorting them to be good and obedient; and said, when putting the two orphans under my care, 'These are double orphans; God have mercy upon them.' The husband now came in, and she repeated to him, in substance, all we had said. He seemed affected, and said he felt we would have a motherly oversight of the children.

"I asked the family to kneel with me, and ask God's blessing upon them, their mother, and myself; and while we commended each to God by name, with their father and mother, our own hearts partook of the audible sympathy of the family, and it was a most heartfelt, solemn time. When

we rose from our knees I sent for a friend of the mission, who had often called on the family, with our former missionary, Mr. Luckey. He sang the 'Dying Christian;' and when repeating the words, 'Tell me, my soul, can this be death?' she exclaimed, 'O, no; it is closing my eyes to open them on God.' She was both tranquil and triumphant in death, and while repeating David's passage, 'through the valley and shadow of death,' she said, 'I understand it all; *I fear no evil*, for *God is with me*.'

"In the afternoon I called again with two Christian friends; she was too far spent to converse much, but regretted she had forgotten to give me a poor woman's blessing in the morning, which she then did. I asked her if she would not like me to call for a minister or priest. She said, 'No; better than all, the Lord Jesus was with her;' and thus she continued communing with her God till the summons came. The last thing she said was to her husband: '*No liquor at my burial; no wake over my body*;' and soon after she expired."

The Dying Mother's Legacy.

"Her prayer is heard—it is traced above
In the glowing light of a mother's love;
And now when at rest in her silent grave,
That prayer shall have power to guard and save."

She had long been confined to her bed, suffering the intensest anguish, but during that time through the instrumentality of friends of the Mission, she had

been instructed in the cardinal truths of Christianity; and through the influence of the Holy Spirit had been enabled to exercise faith in Christ. For many days perfect peace and triumphant joy had reigned successively within her heart, and the light of Heaven seemed reflected on her wan and weary face—but now the last hour had come, and a cloud of anxiety was resting there. Had the promises failed in their fulfillment? Had the Rock of Ages proved an uncertain resting-place? Did the soul trembling on the verge of eternity, doubt its personal acceptance, and fear to enter the unknown world. Nay, nay, 'twas none of these. Love reigned, faith was triumphant, the soul seemed anxious to escape, but there were those around that dying bed upon whom that mother's eye was resting with deep, unutterable solicitude Her children living there in an atmosphere of sin, surrounded on every side by vice in its greatest forms. Six children to be left without any of the restraining influence which home sanctified by maternal love, (though lacking everything else) always exerts. Self, with its happiness and its prospects, was forgotten, and gazing upon the anxious weeping children, she exclaimed, "Go, O go for Mrs D. Let me see her once again before I die—she has helped me in my troubles, let me see her once

again." Two of the children were despatched and in a little time her kind friend was by the bed of the dying woman. That closing scene is depicted in the preceeding narrative.

The mother was laid in the cold grave, and deep was the solicitude of that lady's heart for the children thus solemnly committed to her care. They belonged to the Mission-school, and were regular in their attendance, but there was evidence, sad and certain that they were suffering from the evil influences which surrounded them. The only hope of permanently benefitting them was to remove them to a better atmosphere, and many difficulties stood in the way of this arrangement. First the father's and children's consent was to be gained, and when that was secured, a home was to be found, such as the friends would be willing to entrust them to.

The first difficulty was overcome by kind and gentle entreaty, the second by the kind offer of a home from Mr. C. L. Brace, connected with the "Children's Aid Society," who stood security for the Home which he had selected. On Wednesday, the 26th of October, several ladies met at the Mission, to consult and act as passing circumstances dictated. We found Mrs. D. preparing Barney and Alice for their journey to their

now home. These two had been selected as being most exposed, they were fine looking youths about 14 and 16 years of age. The wardrobes were searched, and after a comfortable bath, they were clad in strong and suitable clothing. A second suit for each was then secured, a new Bible with their names as members of the Mission-school and some Sunday school books were added—sundry little tokens calculated to please were placed in the box—loving words were spoken, good advice given, a bright future depicted, correspondence promised, and hours passed unheeded by. Three o'clock arrived, the hour for the dismissal of the school, and Alice expressed a wish to say good-bye to her schoolmates. Mrs. D. led her into the school, and in simple language referred to her past history and her present destination. The tear trembled in the eye of the child, and the lady's voice grew husky as she portrayed the dying scene and told of the solemn trust reposed in her. The children of the school seemed quiet and subdued, and when the lady asked them if they would remember Alice when they said their prayers, an affirmative response broke from every lip.

Then all shook hands with Barney and Alice and departed to their homes. The boat did not leave until six, and it was now but half-past three. A

prayer-meeting had been appointed by the Missionary, and a few friends were assembled to pray for the prosperity of the Mission. The children accompanied us to the Chapel, and earnest, fervent prayers were offered to their mother's God, that those children might be guarded on their journey, and be brought in safety to its end—that the home selected might prove such as we hoped, and that in future years these children might prove themselves a blessing to others.

The parting hour came, the farewell words were spoken, and they departed with the Rev. Mr. Adams to the steamboat.

While they were waiting, Mr. Adams related to Barney an incident, that he had known of a poor boy departing under far less favorable circumstances to the West, who became one of the Chief Judges in the State in which he resided. The boy's eye kindled, his form straitened and he exclaimed, "you shall see, what I will become Mr. Adams." Several gentlemen overheard the conversation and expressed much interest in the children—Mr. Adams narrated their history, and they promised to take charge of them, so far as they travelled the same path.

Their tickets had been secured and all was ready.

Alice threw her arms around her kind minister, as though she could not sever that last kind bond. But the bell rang, and placing them hurriedly in the steamboat which was to carry them to Piermont, the Missionary returned strong in faith and hope, that the Christian efforts thus put forth would in due time receive their full and adequate reward.

CHAPTER IX

THE TWENTY-SHILLING PIECE.

"'A trifle'—granted—but on trivial things
The moral destiny of man oft turns."

In the winter of 1850, my servant entered the parlor one evening quite late, to inform me that a man who seemed in great distress was at the front door, saying he had been sent to my address, hearing I was one of the ladies of the Home Mission. It was inconvenient for me to see the man at the time, (having a party of friends spending the evening with me,) but I felt inclined to help him, and giving the servant some money to procure his supper and lodging, I told her to bid him come to me in the morning.

Next morning he came, looking pale, sick, and emaciated. On inquiry I learned he was an Englishman, and had been induced to come to this country to dissipate the melancholy which settled upon his mind after the death of a beloved wife. He had sufficient means when he arrived (in July before) to have kept him several months, until he could have procured a

situation, but immediately on his arrival he had been seized with a disease which became chronic, and he had been obliged not only to spend all his means, but to dispose of every article of clothing, and in their stead take up a suit which was little else than rags. Almost the first question I asked, after he had given me his history, was, "Are you a strictly temperate man?" *Yes*, madam, I *am*. You can have no proof but my word, but I am *in every sense* a strictly temperate man, although my appearance is sadly the reverse of the condition you expect to find a sober, honest man in." There was such an air of sincerity in all he said and withal such a woe-begone expression of countenance, that I felt all the sympathy in my heart roused.

I sent to a neighbor, who had kindly offered to assist me when a true case presented, for a suit of men's clothes. They were sent, including hat, boots, &c. I gave him money for his breakfast and shaving; told him to take the clothes, and return to me again in the course of the day. He left, with great thankfulness, and about two hours afterward called again, looking like another being. I imagined he looked even in better health than in the morning. I then felt anxious to know how he found his way to the Five Points. He replied, that when his money was all spent, and nothing

remained in prospect but a death in the poor-house He thought of some friends who had left England some years before (but who were in very reduced circumstances) that wer eliving in New-York, somewhere. He succeeded in finding them in Anthony-street. near Cow Bay, and they kindly offered to give him a corner of their room to lie upon; but they were so poor themselves that they could do nothing more for him. He then learned that the Ladies' Home Mission would help him to clothes, and might possibly obtain a situation for him.

The more I saw of the man, the more enlisted my feelings became, and the strong intelligence which marked his conversation proved to me he had been both well-bred and educated. I inquired what business he thought he could engage in, with his weak state of health. He said he had been "an out-door clerk at home, and wrote evenings;" and his doctor had said he should try and find some out-door employment now. I asked him if he thought he could undertake to get subscribers for periodicals. He replied that that would just suit him, as he was better acquainted with books than anything else.

I gave him a twenty-shilling gold piece, (a small

sum, the reader will say, to establish a man in business,) provided him with a carpet-bag, and told him to go to Harpers' and get some of their cheap monthly issues, and get a few from Virtue's, and make the attempt, and to come to me in a few days, if he thought he could succeed, and we would help him still further. In about a week he called, but I was not at home. Months rolled on; he again called but I was in the country.

I saw nothing more of my man, and I thought it would prove perhaps another of the many instances of ingratitude which we meet with in passing through life. But I was mistaken. On New Year's day, when friends were making their accustomed calls, a man was standing near the house waiting until a number of gentlemen passed out, when he rang the bell, gave the servant a card with his name written upon it, asking her at the same time to ascertain "if I was quite alone, as he did not wish to intrude upon company." She thought this rather a strange request for such a gentlemanly-looking man to make, but replied that I was quite alone. He came into the parlor, and I did not at first recognise him, but on his beginning at once to apologize for calling on New Year's day, I recognised his voice.

He continued, "No one madam, that calls on you

to-day calls to pay a *visit of gratitude;* I come to express mine." Expecting to hear of some efficient help from his friends, or some good fortune that had met him, I congratulated him on his improved health and appearance, and asked him what had wrought the change. I felt humbled when he told me that my poor little offering of twenty shillings had, with the blessing of God, effected it all. He then said the evening he came to our dwelling he had made up his mind to put an end to his existence if help did not come; but he had great reason to bless God, who had not only given him temporal relief, but had enabled him to call upon God in the hour of trouble, and He had heard his prayer; his heart was changed, and he owed his Maker a debt of gratitude he could never pay.

He said the Messrs. Harper treated him very kindly, and afforded him every facility in his work. And he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, delivering his books in New-York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh. Drawing his purse from his pocket, he said, "I have not only this good suit of clothes upon me, but I have sent out money for my only son, and have saved in the year besides, fourty dollars." He had paid for his lodging at his friend's, and was now boarding at a druggist's in a respectable part of the city. I

wept at his recital, and in truth it was to me the most pleasant visit of the New Year's day.

He appeared afraid to take my time, and seemed hurt when I refused to allow him to return me the money. Next spring he called on me to say his son had arrived, and he was still prospering in his business, making from twelve to fifteen dollars a week. He seemed as if he never could express his gratitude for his comforts, and read to me a letter in answer to one he had written to England expressive of his great thankfulness.

A few months after, a card accompanied by a book was left at my door, with the request that I would not pain him with the refusal of this small token of gratitude. Since then, we hear of his continued prosperity. This is but one of the many instances which have brought to light the fact that there are those living in the Five Points who have once known and seen better days; that many hundreds are virtuously poor, and that they are alive to kindness, and most grateful for our attentions to them and their children.

During the past year alone over sixty children have been placed in good homes—boys at trades, women supplied with work, and fifteen hundred have signed the temperance pledge. We, therefore, feel greatly en-

couraged, and believe our labor will not be in vain, for in due time we will reap if we faint not.

The Withered Arm.

"What good a little kindness may effect!
What pain relieve—what destiny avert!"

Passing up Cross-street one bleak winter's morning, I observed a little girl, whose appearance was so forlorn and sad, that I felt anxious to know where she lived, and what caused her intense expression of sorrow. I therefore asked her name and where she lived, and desired her to take me to see her mother. "I have no mother," she replied, "but my father lives in the attic of No. —, Cross-street, and you may go up and see him."

I followed her to the third floor, up a narrow, dirty stair-case. Knocking at the door, we were met by a man who seemed both surprised and pleased to see me in his wretched, miserable home—for home it was, although destitute of chair or table. In the middle of the room, which was about nine feet square, stood a small cylinder-stove, the pipe passing through a pane of the window. Beside the stove was a basket, containing a small supply of shavings. Upon a few dirty rags, which

covered some shavings, lay a sick boy, about five years old. Upon the stove some miserable food was cooking, the fumes of which, mingling with the smoke of pine shavings, filled the room, causing the little sufferer to cough constantly.

The father appearing to be perfectly sober, I asked him what had brought upon him this extreme destitution. He replied, "Want of work and poverty," adding that he had always got on well until his good wife died, about four years before, and then misfortune took hold of him. He had nearly lost the sight of one eye, and during the stages of its inflammation and subsequent loss, had been obliged to spend all he had earned or saved. The loss of his eye preventing him from carrying his hod, he had no other means left for his support than visiting the markets and carrying baskets for the purchasers at the stalls, his little girl going out daily to beg the food she would prepare (young as she was) for his return. Sometimes he made but 25 cents a day. I asked him if he had signed the pledge. "Yes, indeed, madam," was the reply, "more than twelve years ago, when I married my wife, I took the pledge, *and have never broken it.*" I asked him if it would not be well to let us get good places for the children, and then he could support

himself more comfortably, for I had learned in the course of conversation, that he paid a dollar a week for his wretched room, and was often left without a cent when the rent was paid. But he said nothing in the world could induce him to part with his children for he had promised his dying wife not to part with them, under any circumstances. When about leaving, I offered the girl a piece of money. I found she could not reach out the hand next to me to receive it, and that it hung powerless by her side. I took the withered arm, covered with filthy rags, and could have wept over the expression of her face when I said, "Dear girl, how did this come, and how long has your hand been so useless?" "Indeed, madam," the father replied, "she went to bed well at night; the visitation of God came, and in the morning she was just as you see her. I do not complain; but the poor dear child will never get over it; she scarcely ever smiles."

With a heavy heart I took the girl home with me the next day, had her well washed and dressed from head to foot, then had her taken to a physician, who said her arm was paralyzed, most probably from exposure and cold at night. The arm was electro-magnetized, and every pains taken to restore its use, but it was only partially restored. Subsequent visits

proved all the statements of the man to be true, and never have I seen a more touching proof of devoted parental love than in this poor man in his miserable habitation. The little boy, with care, was restored to health. The children were placed in school, and more profitable work was soon obtained for the man. But the poor children were still left daily surrounded with everything to contaminate, without any one to look after them, or to attend to the washing of their clothes. Even the comfortable clothes the Mission provided were soon so filthy that we had to take them off. On one of my visits I asked him if it would not be well for him to look out for a suitable companion who would take charge of his children, and by taking in work, be a help to him. He smiled, and said he had thought that was all that could make a man of him again in feeling; and he did know an excellent woman, who lived in New-Jersey, with whom he had been acquainted for fifteen years; and he often thought if God directed him he would like to be married to her.

Without much ceremony he visited his old friend, moved his residence, and became known by his uniform sobriety and honesty. He soon presented so good an appearance that he was made the agent of the tenement house in which he lived. He married the

choice of his heart, and now they are happy. I visit them in their new home, and find every little comfort in their dwelling; the house the perfection of neatness; the children well managed. The girl has learned both to read and write, and they often tell me very interesting histories in the Bible she has read to them. The man seems like a changed being, bright and happy. The woman assists in supporting the family by taking in sewing and washing, and although nearly three years have elapsed, I have seen a continued improvement in them all, and in no instance have felt that my confidence was misplaced, or my advice unwisely given. These people, in many instances, only want some one to tell them what to do. They need to be instructed in the very first steps toward making their condition better; and we generally find them very teachable. In some respects it would be rather hazardous to advise a man to marry in the midst of his destitution and misery; but here no other remedy could meet the case—the father obstinately refusing to allow his children to be taken from him, even if they were placed in better homes and well provided for. And any one to see them now in their comfortable home, with their neatly-furnished apartments, would say, it could not be so, if woman had not a share or hand in it.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHILDREN OF THE "FIVE POINTS."

"Alas! to think upon a child
That has no childish days,
No happy home, no counsel mild;
No words of prayer and praise!

"Man from the cradle—'tis too soon
To earn their daily bread,
And heap the heat and toil of noon
Upon an infant's head.

"To labor ere their strength be come,
Or starve—such is the doom
That makes, of many a hapless home,
One long and living tomb."

When the ladies commenced their mission in this miserable locality, the hope of rescuing the children from the almost certain result of corrupt parental example was perhaps the strongest feeling that influenced them.

The children! hundreds of them with drunken fathers and drunken mothers, who made no provision for their comfort, and scarce any for their physical existence, beyond the miserable dens they called their homes, and in which, after a day of begging and per-

haps want, and after a day's exposure to every evil influence, they crept to sleep—greeted with oaths and curses, and oft-times with stripes and heavy blows! Children! precocious in self-reliance, in deceit, in every evil passion, while the better nature within them slumbered or had been destroyed because no suitable means had ever been used to vivify or awaken it!

"For here the order was reversed,
And infancy, like age,
Knew of existence but its worst,
One dull and darkened page,
Written with tears and stamped with toil,
Crushed from the earliest hour,
Weeds darkening on the bitter soil
That never knew a flower."

The ladies, with woman's instinct and woman's tact, recognized them not only as depraved little human beings, but as *children;* their young hearts beating with childish hopes and fears, with childish yearnings and desires; awake to every tone of kindness, and yet so unaccustomed to any government but that of hasty blows and brutal caprice, that it seemed almost impossible to subdue and retain them by those laws of love and gentleness which yet were the only means deemed expedient or useful. There are, however, bright exceptions. We gaze on a few sweet young faces, and smooth the silken hair of some whose appearance declares maternal care, and in the visits made we find

now and then a cleaner home, and hear all a tender mother's anxiety and thankfulness for her children expressed, and listen to tales of privation and sufferings which words could scarcely exaggerate. We also have occasionally touching illustrations of the finer shades of character, which awaken peculiar sympathy and hope. On one of the regular days for the distribution of clothing a lady was attracted by the countenance of a pale, weary-looking child about nine years of age. She carried with difficulty a large baby, more than a year old, and, although the children all around her were full of life and hilarity, she sat listless and unamused, no smile betraying childish interest or joy. On inquiry, Mrs. Luckey remarked, "That child has a drunken father who abuses her mother dreadfully, and she lives in a constant state of terror and dread." The lady resolved to watch over that little girl, and throw some sunshine over the darkened path of the drunkard's child. Closer acquaintance revealed a maturity of thought and a strength of sympathy with her suffering mother touching in the extreme. She came regularly to Sunday-school, but always, during the session, would whisper, "Mrs. Luckey, please let me run home and see how mother does—I am afraid father will come home and hurt her," &c. Her little heart seemed at

rest, and her face had an abiding look of weary despondency. After some acts of exceeding violence, the mother was obliged to complain against her husband. Maggie loved her father; for, when sober, he was kind, and she pleaded, "O mother! do not let them take him away, for what shall I do without a father?" He was committed to the Tombs, and the next morning early, Maggie took her little brother, four years of age, by the hand, went to the prison, and sat hour after hour by the window, talking to, and trying to amuse her father until his time of liberation came. Of late her countenance has brightened, and she greets the lady (who in heart adopted her) with somewhat of childish glee.

One little news-boy was found who regularly paid his drunken mother's rent out of his scanty earnings, and had remained comparatively untainted by the scenes of vice that met his every step.

The children give evidence also of bright intellect and quick perception. One afternoon a number of them had collected around the door of the "Old Brewery," waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Luckey. The rain poured in torrents, and they stood without a shelter of any kind. Mr. Luckey opened his office door, and kindly urged them to run home; that Mrs. L. was

detained by the rain, and might not arrive for some time. Turning from them, he closed the door; but, quick as the lightning's flash, his ear was greeted by the full chorus of one of their hymns,

"We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and bye,"

and they stood it until Mrs. Luckey appeared, and anchored them by a good fire, and applied the hymn they had so sweetly sung.

The Dying Girl.

"She lay down in her poverty
Toil stricken though so young,
And words of human sorrow
Fell trembling from her tongue.

There were palace homes around her;
And pomp and pride swept by
The poor deserted chamber
Where she lay down to die."—Mary How

The work of *faith* is blessed; but when the fruit is permitted soon to appear, we may and ought to rejoice with exceeding joy. Amid many discouragements, we have always been comforted and strengthened by the success of the Sabbath school; and as our children are

one after another translated into heaven from their comfortless homes on earth, we exult in imagination of the mighty contrast from the dreary cellars and garrets of the Five Points, to the radiant paradise of God; from the neglect of callous and degraded human hearts, to the eternal and everflowing love of their redeeming God; from hunger, and weariness, and pain to that glorious land of which it is written, "*there* shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." Several children have died during the past year. In each instance the little books given in the Sunday school had been treasured and enjoyed. During their illness the hymns they had learned were constantly repeated and sung, and one little spirit passed away in the very utterance of those cheering words, "There is a happy land."

This hymn takes special hold on every young heart far more than any other we have ever tried to teach. Why? Is it the utter absence of everything that makes childhood happy in the present, that leads them thus early to anticipate that future? or does God open to those destined early to pass from these miserable scenes of earth, a vista through which they perceive, with more than childish vision, the beauty of that happier

land to which they are hastening? We know not; but the fact is evident, that the hymn has a powerful and peculiar charm.

On the first Sabbath the school opened, a timid-looking girl, about 12 years of age hovered around the door. She resisted every effort to induce her to enter, generally fleeing as soon as she was spoken to, to her home in the Old Brewery, where she lived with a wretched, drunken mother. At times the teachers pursued her with words of kindness, but in vain. After some time, of her own accord, she entered, and immediately became an attentive and interested scholar. Months rolled away and her improvement became evident, but being retiring and reserved we could learn but little of her feelings.

Last winter it was announced that Mary was ill, and she was visited in her wretched home. We found her in bed in a corner of a large room, where at least twenty persons were accommodated at night, and where cooking and eating was done for and by all. She did not seem sick but she would not rise, nor eat, nor scarcely speak. It was ascertained that grief for her wretched mother and her own forlorn condition were pressing her to the grave, yet she resisted all wishes to remove her to the hospital, and thus separate her from her

mother. She was supplied with needful things, was comforted and encouraged, and for a little time seemed to rally, and crept, pale and sad looking into the Mission room.

Soon however, its became apparent that she was failing fast. She had been removed to a comfortable room, and was continually visited by Mr. and Mrs. Luckey, and other friends of the Mission.

A friend who visited her one day, after conversing on spiritual things, asked, "Is there anything you would like to have, Mary?" She shook her head, and said "Nay." "Can't you think of anything; I will get you whatever you wish," (thinking, perhaps her sickly appetite might be craving some of the luxuries of life.) Again a languid negative was given. Her kind friend still lingered, and suddenly the color mounted to the pale face, a look full of animation succeeded the languid glance, the thin lip quivered, and she exclaimed, "O, yes, I want one thing," and raising herself in the bed, reiterated, "I want one thing." "What is that, Mary, I promise you, you shall have it?" A moment's pause, and the answer came, "I want you to bring some of the Sunday school children here, and let them sing for me. O, will you?"

The Sunday, after the request was granted; and the exquisite enjoyment written on that pale suffering face, the tearful eye, and the unspoken gratitude, formed a scene for a painter to witness and pourtray. "There is a happy land," was the favorite hymn, and many times since then has the only wish she has expressed been thus gratified. She is slowly fading away; she converses but little, but when we speak of the Saviour her color rises and her eyes fill with tears. She says she is trusting in Christ, and those who know her best have full confidence that our God is thus gently preparing her to enter the "happy land."

In her home of poverty, amid her many privations, sinking in langour and pain, she utters no complaint, nor breathes one earthly wish. Thank God for the wondrous power of his redeeming grace to strengthen and to satisfy!

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHILDREN.

"'Who bids for the little children
Body and soul and brain;
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without stain'?
'I bid,' said Beggary, howling,
'I'll buy them one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl.'

"'And I'll bid higher and higher,'
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
'For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.'

"'Oh shame!' said true Religion,
'Oh, shame that this should be
I'll take the little children—
I'll take them all to me
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod,
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God.'"

Wild Maggie.

Poor Wild Maggie Carson! Plain features, disfigured by the small-pox—a sullen disagreeable expression, a gruff voice, a convulsive habit of rubbing her eyes with her clenched hands—matted tangled hair, and a filthy ragged dress. Such was the forbidding aspect of the little outcast, who seemed to scorn the efforts made to win her. No clear untroubled glance ever met the eye of those who accosted her, and no response was ever made to words of counsel and kindness. Impatient of restraint, she could not be induced to remain in school more than ten minutes at a time. When addressed she would maintain a sullen silence, or start and scream, or laugh with scornful fearful merriment. Poor Maggie had known only the roughest ways; and her seamed face was but a symbol of the marred scarred nature—the down-trodden heart and soul. Air and sunshine, and careful culture was needed for life and growth.

No mother had cared for her childhood. Her mother was a confirmed drunkard who sent her child forth to beg the alms which were their only support, and when Maggie was comfortably clothed at the

Mission, the wretched woman pawned the clothes for rum.

Mrs. Howe, who taught in the Mission Sunday school, often looked with tearful solicitude upon the poor wild girl, and wondered if that sullen nature, so closed against kindly influences, could ever be subdued and rightly cultivated. Being asked by a lady to procure an orphan child from the Five Points, to live in her family, she went there in quest of such an one, and visited a number of families of whom she made inquiries. Her search was on this occasion unsuccessful. Returning home through Anthony street, she was startled by Wild Maggie who running eagerly toward her with outstretched arms, cried out with almost despairing earnestness. "Do Mrs. Howe take me, oh take me, I am very bad, but I will try to be good, do, do take me." Why Maggie, where is your mother?

"On Blackwell's Island, and the woman I live with makes me beg all the victuals, and does not give me enough to eat. I sleep on the bare boards in the corner of her dirty garret. Won't you take me, I will try to be good?"

Mrs. Howe was touched, not only with the tale of wo, but with the sudden transition in the child's nature—

the dogged silence, the defiant spirit had given place to life and earnestness. There were germ of good beneath that rough exterior. What was to be done? She could not be recommended to the lady who had asked for the orphan child, and placing her under the care of the Missionary for the night, Mrs. H. went home to work out the problem. "We will take her," was her husband's prompt reply, when told of Maggie's thrilling appeal. Mrs. H. spoke of her wickedness, her unsightly face, and uncouth ways. "Never mind," said Mr. Howe, "the more reason why some one should care for her—I would rather take one of the worst, the triumph will be greater if we succeed."

The effort was made—the child was taken by this kind family; she was well washed and dressed, and she soon gave evidence of a desire to please. Most unwillingly did she return to her former modes of life, about a fortnight after, when her mother, released from imprisonment, came at once and demanded her. Her clothing soon went to the pawn-broker's as before, but in a short time, the vagrant mother was again committed to prison for six months. Maggie's friends however had not lost sight of her, and before the proper authorities at the City Hall, Mr. Howe adopted her.

Poor wild Maggie had many things to learn and more to unlearn. Chary of her words, rude and rough in her ways, with nothing to attract in face or voice or manner—untaught and untrained—nurtured in sin—it was a great thought to see the possibility of evoking good out of this mass of evil, and a great resolve seriously to undertake the task. There was the charity that hopeth all things, and believeth all things, and that hope and faith were not in vain. The daily teachings of a Christian family—example, kindness, effort and counsel were not lost upon her, and the gradual development of mind and character was most gratifying to those who were training this wild vine. Though eleven years of age, it was nearly a year before she could learn the alphabet, but when that was mastered, her progress was rapid. She soon learned to read very well and became so fond of reading that she hastens through her daily duties to gain time for her books. As there are no public schools in the rural neighborhood where Mr. Howe now resides, he has paid forty dollars for her schooling during the past year, and he feels himself amply repaid by her manifest improvement. She sews well and is most useful in the household, the members of which would not be willing to part with Maggie Carson on any terms. She is

always the first to enter the room for morning and evening prayers, and one would find it difficult to recognize in the tidy, respectable looking girl who with her Bible and hymn-book takes part in those hallowed services—Wild Maggie of the Five Points.

When taken by Mrs. Howe to the first Thanksgiving supper given to the children of the Five Points, Maggie declined partaking of the feast, and she never speaks of her former abode. She has turned over a new bright page in life, and she cares not to look upon the previous tracery of sin and sorrow. A similar feeling is generally manifested by the children for whom good places have been obtained. With no attachment to their former haunts and pursuits they do not like even to hear the Five Points alluded to.

A residence of six months on Blackwell's Island was of use to Maggie's mother. Having been for that length of time without liquor she was prepared to take the temperance pledge when presented to her by the friends of her child. Maggie too, in her own gruff way, urged her to take it, and *for nearly three years she has never broken it.* She came to claim her child, but on hearing that Maggie had been adopted by her kind benefactor, she expressed great satisfaction with the arrangement

She procured a good situation as cook and has retained it ever since. A short time since, she brought Maggie a dress, which she begged Mrs. Howe would allow her to accept, saying that she knew Maggie did not need dresses, but that she had six dollars a month, which was more than she wanted for herself, and she had no one else to provide for. What a contrast with the old time, when she stripped her wretched child of her comfortable raiment that she might obtain the maddening stupefying draught! "Clothed" and in her "right mind," she now utters her thanks to that kind Providence which through the instrumentality of that Mission, has rescued mother and child from the sin and misery in which they had well-nigh been lost.

The Children that Sweep the Crossings.

Children with short ragged garments—old shawls tied round their waists—bare feet bespattered with the mud with which they are waging warfare—tangled locks straying from beneath their dark hoods—faces prematurely old and care-worn! Can we look for good in such as these? Do they remember kindnes-

ses, or have they any to remember? Do these forlorn ones take note of aught but the pennies that fall upon their path, as they ply their brooms amid the rush of omnibusses and rail-cars, of carts and carriages, while the stream of hurrying action rolls on its resistless tide? Can they discern among that restless multitude a face associated with memories of kindness—one face that will give the little street-sweepers a smile of recognition? Many of them have been gathered in at the Mission school; and though, at times, they resume their old occupation, and with it their street-sweeper's garb; yet on other days they may be seen tidily dressed, and with clean faces, learning to read and to write, to cypher and to sew in the pleasant school-room at the Mission House. That love's labor is not lost there, the following incidents will show:

One day a minister of one of the city churches, who had the Sunday before preached in the big tent in "Paradise Square" at the Five Points, was crossing the well-swept walk, which enabled one to walk dry-shod over Broadway. He handed some pennies to one of the children, who promptly declined the gift, saying—"Oh, no sir; we heard you preach in the Big Tent on Sunday, and we don't want to take any pennies from you." He had given them something better than pen-

nies, and they were glad to make a clean path for the feet of him who had "published peace" to them and theirs.

As a lady who constantly visits the Mission school drew near the crossing, the little girl exclaimed, "Here comes Mrs. D——, sweep the walk clean for her." And when she handed one child a three cent piece, her companion put back the little outstretched palm, saying, "Ain't you ashamed to take money from our teacher? No, Ma'am, we don't want you to pay us." And the little silver bit was resolutely declined, till the lady dropt it on the pavement and walked on.

Here was a lively feeling of gratitude shining forth in these children that sweep the crossings—children already old in the bitter experience of life, trained up amid evil and wrong—proving that some of the seed freely scattered, had taken root in the poor neglected soil of their young hearts.

Little Ellie.

"Will you please come and see a poor woman who is almost frozen to death?" said little Ellie H—— one cold Sunday morning to one of the ladies, as she entered the school-room door. The little thing had been awaiting her arrival, and with ready steps, she guided her companion to the fireless, desolate room. Cold—cold—no warmth—no ray of cheerfulness,—there she lay—the poor forlorn one—with scarce any covering for her benumbed limbs. But little Ellie had been there, stuffing rags in the windows to keep out the biting blast—and she had brought part of her scanty breakfast to give to one who was poorer than she. And now her active benevolence had brought a helper, who could provide the comforts which Ellie had not to give. "She is all alone. Who will take care of her?" said the lady. "Oh, I will," said the child with an important air—not doubting her own fitness for the task.

Ellie looked downcast some days after, when the same kind lady came to visit her. It was not because her home was poor and scantily furnished—but her father and mother had been quarrelling, and her father

had struck her mother. "Oh, Mr. H.!" said the lady, "a man should never strike a woman." "It is because she was drinking, Ma'am," he replied, "I never would strike her if she were sober." Poor Ellie! she hung down her head as she accompanied her kind friend down the stairs and into the street. "Indeed, Ma'am," said she earnestly, in her child-like fashion, "my father would never beat my mother if she were sober; but if one of them nails in the floor were to drink rum, my father would murther it."

Little Ellie—true sympathy for suffering gleamed out in thy care for the forsaken one, and a child's feeling of sorrow and mortification for the transgression of those who should have taught thee the right. Such gifts as thine are not unmarked in His sight, who remembers even the cup of cold water given in His name.

Shadows.

One morning Mrs.—— was asked by a little girl of the Mission school, who had learned the lesson of mercy, to come and see a very sick woman. She followed her into a house in Anthony street, passed by

two rooms, in one of which was gathered a company of young lads of seventeen or eighteen, who were drinking and smoking, and entered a third room which seemed built out into the ground. It was so dark that for a few moments the lady could discern nothing. As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she saw a poor woman on a wretched pallet in the corner—her wan face not as white, but as black as the bed clothes. Dying with consumption—no hand to smooth the tangled hair or wipe the death-damps from her brow! The lady told the little girl to bring some water and wash the poor soiled face, and part the matted hair.

It had not always been thus with her. She had known the peace and plenty of a comfortable home—the daughter of a Christian minister, she married against the will of her parents—became estranged from all the charities of the home of her childhood, and sank lower and lower till she lay here in her misery. "Pride and poverty have brought me to this," she said, "for I would never make known my wants—but indeed, I am a virtuous woman." Intemperance, thought the lady, as she went to the Mission wardrobe for clean clothes and bedding, has probably wrought this ruin. Poor creature; the life-gates were well-nigh closed behind thee—but little could be done for thee

now! The radiant vision of thy childhood could not dissipate the gloom of that darkened chamber; and those heavenly hopes which could give light even here, where were they?

Gleams of Light.

"Gather them in—gather them in," from the "stifling street," and the dusky lane—gather them in—these little ones to whom the sunny gladness of childhood is denied-—who are familiar with cold and hunger—with want and wo and vice—who know nothing of cleanliness and comfort, of the sanctity of home, and prayer, and the Sabbath day—who see nothing but the night-side of life. Gather them in, that they may be washed and clothed and have glimpses of better things. Here is material that may be fashioned into forms of beauty—it is still plastic—it has not become hardened by exposure, and it now invites the moulding hand. Despise not these little ones, for they are destined to live for ever. Be hopeful and believing and cast thy bread freely on the waters, and thou wilt find it again after many days. There are pledges and promises of

good to cheer thee even now. There are innocent faces, manifestations of delicate feelings, fine traits of character, and high aspirations even here—witness the following.

A little girl in the infant class heard a lady who constantly visited the school speak of her love for flowers. The remark was not forgotten, and every day she begged her father to bring her some flowers to give to her kind friend. At length he complied with her wish, and the little thing neatly dressed, with a beaming face, and the pretty bunch of flowers in her hand, waited at the door of the Mission room. When the lady came, the timid child, afraid to present her offering, gave it to a larger girl to put into the hand of the lady, who could not repress her tears at this touching tribute of affection. Flowers always beautiful—always welcome—any where—every where—had indeed a language as they trembled in the hand of the grateful, expectant child!

One little fellow with a good honest face and amiable expression—little Jemmy Hyde—for although fourteen years old, he is small for his age—by his orderly conduct and his diligence in study merited the approbation of his teachers. On Thanksgiving day a silver pencil was given to him as the best boy in the

school. And Jemmy had an opportunity of proving the strength of his principles. One day as he was walking in Broadway, he picked up a handsome gold watch. Jemmy had never had anything so beautiful in his hands before—there was a rich gold chain fashioned like a serpent, and a gold locket containing two pictures, and two rings, and a little gold purse, and other charms the like of which he had never seen. He took these beautiful things home to his mother, and she put them in her trunk. Jemmy wanted to advertise them, but she said she had no money to pay for the advertisement, and she kept them, looking daily for an advertisement and reward. None met her eye, and as several weeks passed, she was afraid to let it be known that she had the watch in her possession. But Jemmy's conscience was troubled—he could not rest—he knew that he ought not to keep what did not belong to him—and he came and told the Missionary all about it, and his face looked brighter, and his heart felt lighter for the telling.

The watch was advertised, and the same day a gentleman brought a letter in which every article was described. The watch belonged to a lady residing in Boston, a niece of the Hon. Rufus Choate, and it was the last gift of her father, so that she had mourned over

the loss of this precious memorial of his affection. She kindly sent fifty dollars for the boy, with the assurance that she should ever feel a lively interest in the welfare of her little unknown friend, and in the Mission school where such good principles were instilled. The money has been placed in the Savings Bank till Jemmy's eighteenth year, when it will be a nice capital for him to begin the world with. But this is not all. James said that he wanted to get away from the evil influences of the Five Points, and the Missionary was about to procure him a place in the country where he could learn a trade. But a lawyer, in whose office Jemmy has been employed a short time, pleased with the intelligence and integrity of the boy, has offered to give him a home, to clothe and educate him. Thankful and happy for the fair prospects opening before her son, the mother exclaimed, that always from the time he was a very little boy, Jemmy had said, "I will be a jintleman yet." *Nous verrons.*

"For character groweth, day by day, and all things aid it in unfoldings,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy."

THE HOME OF THE ASTOR HOUSE BEGGAR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ASTOR HOUSE BEGGAR.

VERY small of her age is Mary R. She would be thought a child of five rather than ten—so stunted has been her growth by over-much work and care not suited to her tender years. In vain we tried to induce the little beggar girl to attend school, and one day I took her aside and said, "Mary, why do you not love to come to our school?" "Because," was her quick reply, "I was told that you were all bad people, and that you kept a Protestant school, and that was not a good place." We at last succeeded in winning her, by telling her to come in and warm herself by the stove in the Mission-room. We took off her filthy garments and clothed her from head to foot in a new warm suit, and the little pock-marked face with the gleaming black eyes, looked very pleasantly upon us, as we told her that we loved her. The idea of being loved, wakened a new chord in the heart of this little girl, who looked upon us as her friends, and gradually stayed longer and longer in school.

Why do you wear such dirty clothes, Mary? I said to her one day. "Because my mother won't wash them. Come and see where I live, and you will not ask me why my clothes are dirty." She led the way to the last house in Cow Bay, through a dark, dark passage and stairway to the attic—the floor in some places so broken that I feared I might fall through. We met several men on the stairs, but Mary heralded our ascent by "Make room, my teacher is coming with me," and in each instance they fell back to give us room to pass. We reached the attic. On a heap of dirty rags in one corner lay her drunken mother—her father half intoxicated sat up on a chest, for there was no chair, and another drunken woman sat shivering, over a few embers. The man immediately recognized me, saying, "I remember you, Lady, ten years ago, when you called in City Hall place to see me, when I was sick. I was better off then, but now I am as bad off as I can be." Will you not let us provide a comfortable home for Mary? "Oh, no, ma'am, we cannot spare her, for she supports the family. My poor wife, as you see, can do nothing." "Why, you support the family, Mary, how can you do that?" "By begging, ma'am."

How fearfully Intemperance reverses all the relations of life! An entire family depending on this tiny

creature for their daily bread—the strong arm idle—the stalwart frame paralyzed, the old heads stupified with strong drink, while upon these young shoulders rested the heavy burden.

"But why will you not sign the pledge, and become sober, and thus become more comfortable? We would then have an oversight of you, and you would be more able to support yourself. Do you not know that your poor child is most fearfully exposed to all that is evil by her course of life?" "Oh yes, ma'am, but she only goes to the Astor House." "Yes, ma'am," responded little pock-marked Mary, "I am a great pet there; they always save me the best pieces of chicken and turkey, and sometimes they give me money. I have been up stairs too, and a lady gave me a silk frock, in one of the pretty rooms she lived in." As I went down stairs with the child, I said, "Mary, why do you not wear your silk frock on Sunday?" "Because I have no bonnet would look good with it," was the shrewd reply. "Come with me and I will give you a bonnet and a sack, and to-morrow come to Sunday school all dressed neatly." She came as we desired, behaved well, and from that time she has been an attendant on our day and Sabbath school.

One day, as I passed the Astor House, the steps of

which were crowded with gentlemen, the little beggar girl putting down her basket, rushed towards me with outstretched arms, and with a look of delighted recognition. I own to some degree of embarrassment at her childish caress, and merely saying, "Have you been to the Mission School to-day, Mary?" and hearing her answer, "No, ma'am, but I am going in a little while," I passed on, leaving Mary to answer the questions of the spectators of this ludicrous scene.

One day, a visitor at the school gave her two pennies. In a few moments she was missing, but she soon returned with a large apple, which she offered to me. I said, "Mary, I thank you for your kind offer, but I prefer not to eat the apple." She moved to the window of the school-room and wept. One of the children whispered to me, "Mary is crying because you did not take her apple." I called her to me and said, "Mary, do you want me to take your apple?" "Yes, ma'am, I bought it for you—it is clean, ma'am." I took the apple and told her it was so large, I could not eat it all, but as it was now mine, I had a favor to ask of her, and that was that she should share it with me. This was done to the satisfaction of both the giver and receiver of the little gift. Little pock-marked black-eyed Mary, left to herself, and obliged to care for herself, and for

those who should have cared for her, proved that she had an affectionate heart, and a generous nature. The two pennies were all she had, but she freely gave them to purchase a gift for one who had shown her kindness. Whenever or wherever she meets a teacher or frequent visitor of the Mission-School, she thinks she can claim acquaintanceship.

She is a smart little thing, learns rapidly, and she has a sweet voice in singing. She has recently received two premiums for being one of the best children in the school. Of late she has been a much more regular attendant in the day-school. On inquiring the cause she said, "*Kase I gind my father and mother no peace till they signed the pledge*, and now she washes my clothes, and I only go to the Astor House at three o'clock, after school is out." Early has Mary begun to play an important part in life, her parents looking to her for support, and she their adviser and counsellor. God speed thee, little Mary!

Maggie Ryan.

A few weeks after the opening of the Mission, the Ladies visiting the School and Mission, became deeply interested in a little flaxen-haired girl of about ten years. One of the ladies had her taken to her own home and well clothed, and she appeared the next Sabbath in so neat a trim that several remarked her changed and happy appearance. She was unlike most of the children in that neighborhood, her manners being very gentle and I might almost say lady-like, though by nature very sprightly, yet exceedingly teachable and docile. One Sabbath morning she came up to me saying, "Will you please, ma'am, to come and see my father, who is very sick and poor?" Accompanied by my sister, Mrs. H., I followed the child home. She led us up Cross street, two doors above Orange. Passing through a filthy entry to the yard, she took us down a steep flight of steps to a back basement room or cellar, which was so dark that it was several moments before our eyes, become accustomed to its gloom, could perceive it was most scrupulously clean. The floor had been well scrubbed, and what little furniture there was, bore the mark of that of a

tidy housekeeper; a few chairs, a clean pine table, and the few articles of the cupboard, with a bedstead, completed the furniture of the room. We commended the woman for her neatness, but she modestly replied, "I ought to be more tidy, but I cannot, for when it rains, the water runs down into my room till it comes up so high, faith to half the depth of the bedstead, and my poor husband has the rheumatism, and we have not had anything to eat to-day." I approached the bed, (the man having drawn the covering over his face when he heard strange voices in the room,) and said in a kind tone, "Are you ill, sir? We have called as friends, at request of your little daughter, to aid you. What can we do for you?" The man seemed subdued by the tone of kindness, and raising himself, with some difficulty, and leaning upon his elbow he said, "The Ladies have been very kind in doing so much for my little girl. The Lord reward them! And she insisted on bringing you here?" "How can we aid you, sir?" "I want but little," replied he, "for I am such a poor creature—a poor miserable man!" "What has brought this destitution upon you?" asked my sister, (for it was evident they had seen better days.) "*Intemperance*," replied the man, laying the strongest stress upon the word. "It has nearly ruined me, soul and body, and

my wife also. But two years ago, I came to this city with two thousand dollars in my pocket, the avails of a farm I had sold, but I fell in company with the intemperate, till step by step I was hurled down the declivity of ruin. I have been robbed while in liquor of all my money, and my poor wife was obliged to seek a service-place, but she too had learned to love the intoxicating cup, and while at service, fell from a second story window, while washing it, into the area, and had to be taken to the Hospital to get well; and she has very dizzy turns now, *all*, *all*, because she drank, and I helped her to it. Oh, if my friends knew I was brought down to live in the 'Five Points,' they would be wretched!" We encouraged the man; and bade him hope that better days were in store for him. My sister took the child immediately home, relieved their wants for the day, and told her to come again to her house in the morning. The morning brought little Maggie, and we both became more and more interested in the child. We visited the family often, and urged both husband and wife to sign the temperance pledge. The man said his habits were so confirmed that he could not keep it if he did sign, but the woman soon complied with our request, and the earnest appeals of her sweet child Maggie.

The parents of this little girl were very fond of her, and

we hoped through her influence to effect the father's restoration to sobriety. The wife, too, besought him to take a step which she thought might introduce him to a more hopeful life. A watchful oversight was kept over them, encouragement given to the mother, and every exertion made through the daughter to induce him to sign the pledge. At last he was prevailed upon to abstain from drink one day. The temperance meeting was held on the evening of that day, and the room in which it was held, was filled with many who shrank from daylight exposure. The Missionary was at the altar, an appeal was made for the intemperate to break their fetters, when little Maggie came running up to me, saying, "Father is at the door, and he says he will sign." "Wont you come and coax him to come in?" I communicated the fact to the Missionary; a bustle at the door ensued. Mrs. Ryan was leading her husband, and urging her way through the crowd that thronged the passage, when the Missionary exclaimed, "Make way for Mr. Ryan. Come along, Mr. Ryan, and sign the pledge, and may God help you to keep it."—He did sign it, and from that time began to feel that he was a man again. The woman also showed the greatest signs of amendment. Maggie became a decided favorite with all by her very pleasing manner—and when the work-room was opened, Maggie was the

favored one who took the work back and forward in the room. She arranged the pieces which made up the garments they were sewing, and was loved by all.

But Mrs. H. never lost sight of her best interests for one moment, and we all felt that they were a family that should be removed away from that locality, where the moral atmosphere by which they were surrounded was not the best for them. Temptations stood before them in too formidable a phalanx to be steadfastly resisted. With the wish to aid them in their effort to retrieve their character and fortunes, a gentleman offered them a room in a tenement house of his. A carman was sent for their effects, and some more furniture was added to make their new apartment in Howard-street home-like. Mrs. H. having previously taken Maggie to her house to live, she remained there six months, attending the public school in Grand-street, where she made rapid improvement. She was a great favorite here, also. A little incident occurred that proved this. She was peeling peaches one day, and while putting the pits in her mouth she accidentally got one in her throat. The house was in instant alarm, and every effort used to extricate it for several minutes, but in vain. Messengers were despatched for the physician, with but little hope, for she was strangling. Presently she grew black, she stiffened.

The whole house wept. "Maggie is dying—dear Maggie is dying—she can't breathe!" Added to this, Mrs. H. was from home. Despair and anguish were felt by every heart, when a gentleman happened to come in; and in that moment, when seemingly past hope, he succeeded in extracting the stone, and thus saved her life. It was some time before she recovered, as he drew the blood with the stone, and lacerated her throat greatly by its removal. We felt she was spared for some good purpose.

Mrs. H. had previously adopted a little girl called "Wild Maggie Carson," and thought it best to secure a good home in some pious family in the country for Maggie Ryan, and at her request the Missionary was desired to obtain a home for her. He succeeded, and the little girl was well supplied with good clothing and taken to the Missionary's house to wait for the person to convey her to her new home. She was all spirit and life, and beguiled the hour in singing (for she has a pleasing voice), and she had learned many of our hymns and childish songs. "What do you like to sing best?" asked the Missionary. "I like to sing:"

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then."

Which she did sing in a most touching manner, bringing the tear to the eye of Mrs. H. who took leave of her charge with much regret, for she had become greatly attached to her.

A sad misfortune happened to the poor mother, while hanging up some clothes from the second story of her house. The dizziness to which she was subject, caused her to lose her balance on the plank upon which she was standing, and she was precipitated into the yard. Nothing remained but the hospital for the poor woman, and she was sent to Bellevue, with the fear that her ancle was broken; but it proved only a severe contusion. Her husband being left thus alone, obtained through a relation, a situation at unloading vessels, and kept his pledge most fully. In a few weeks, Mrs. R. returned, somewhat recovered, yet still in broken health, but much improved in mind, with an easier conscience, and a lighter heart; for her afflictions had led her to learn of Christ, and to seek in him the aid her soul needed. Mr. H. felt there would be some risk in allowing her to do heavy work, and he agreed to pay two dollars a week to the *Missionary*, Mr. P., until she could be able to earn her living. The husband was now providing for himself, and was part of the time out of the city.——

But poor Maggie, in her country home, felt deeply anxious to see her parents. From her birth, she had never been placed where she could not see them when she liked; and leaving her place she was brought again to her mother. Did some pitying spirit whisper to the child to come? It was on Saturday when the mother and child were reunited for a brief season before the life-long parting. The next day, the husband and father came, and the three were gathered at the Mission. Divine service had been held in the Chapel, and on returning home most touchingly did Mrs. R. plead with her husband to attend church and to seek the salvation of his soul. The words of entreaty had scarcely passed her lips, when she fell back and instantly expired. She was doing her Master's work when the solemn summons came—poor heart-stricken Maggie saw her mother's last look of death, and heard her last words, which she surely never can forget.

But the friends of the family did not forget the now "*motherless child.*" And shortly after one of our gentleman visitors, Mr. E., obtained a situation in his father's family for her, where she remained the greater part of the year. But her father maintaining his integrity, and having proved he could live a life of sobriety, went to housekeeping with his daughter. He has constant em-

ployment as a stevedore, and they are now living in more comfort than they have known for years before. He has become a strong advocate for the cause of temperance, and we are informed he has been the means of causing his brother to sign the pledge, and is doing all he can to promote the great cause among his class, Could the friends of the Mission see the apparent change wrought in this family, from the damp cellar in Cross street, where we found them, and their now comfortable apartment in James street, they would feel that of a truth, "The bread cast upon the waters shall be seen after many days." We regret one thing, however, that this same girl should now be *exhibited* as "Wild Maggie," of the "Five Points," while to us, who first found her, and to those who subsequently became acquainted with her, she has always been considered one of the most gentle and interesting children we have met at the Mission.

The character of Maggie Carson, adopted into Mrs. Howe's family, and the history of Margaret Ryan, just related, have been blended together, and told with great effect in the story of "Wild Maggie," in the *Tribune*. They were the only children connected with the Mission, at that time, who were known by the name of Maggie—and their *veritable* histories are given in these pages.

The Tidy Beggar.

"Please give me something for my sick mother?" The words were spoken without the professional whine which so often grates upon the ear, and the little girl who uttered them was neatly dressed, with an intelligent pleasing countenance. Mr. H——, attracted by her appearance, called his wife to walk home with her and learn, if possible, why her parents sent her out to beg. The little girl listened with eager interest to his words, and then burst out into an uncontrollable fit of sobbing. Mrs. H. tried to soothe her by telling her that she only wished to see if she could not assist her sick mother, and after awhile the child was pacified, and led the way to her wretched home in the attic of a poor tenement.

There was an air of cleanliness and order about the room; the well patched dresses of the children were arrayed against the roof with a look of precision that suggested the thought that these people had known better days. Here dwelt the mother, an interesting German woman, and three children. Her history was a sad one. No fearful history of crime, with its consequent punishment,—but the one imprudent step,

and the gradual loss of ease, and comfort, and respectability.

She had married without the consent of her friends, and unwilling to live where her husband was not liked, she thought that in this country she could find a happier home for her little family. They came, but the land where he had hoped to secure a happy home, only afforded him a grave. Alone, unaided, she began the struggle of life, with three helpless children dependent on her exertions. Early and late she toiled, supporting her family by washing,—but sickness that has palsied many an active frame, put an end to her labors, and her life was threatened by a hemorrhage of the lungs.

Mrs. H. was greatly interested, and after a very gratifying interview left, placing a piece of money in the hand of the poor woman, to meet the pressing wants of her family. A physician was sent immediately; and she then called on a grocer, a friend of the Mission, who supplied her with a considerable quantity of groceries, which however were the unfortunate means of subsequent misfortunes. Hitherto she had been able to do something for herself, and was not altogether dependent on charity. The aid she had received from visitors from the Mission, provoked the jealousy and hostility

of a neighbor in the adjoining room, to so great an extent, that to have peace at all, she was forced to remove from the house. Moving in wet and unpleasant weather, brought on fresh cold, and she was now entirely prostrated. The great difficulty had been that scarce a word she said could be understood; but one of the secretaries of the Mission school speaking German, I brought him to speak with her. As well as her feebleness would allow, she gave us her history, and the account of her misfortunes, which we have given. She seemed sadly depressed by the thought of the unprotected state of her children, but we promised that if she did not recover, the children should be provided for; and one of them was accordingly taken home by one of the ladies, and kept a fortnight.

This gentleman visited her very often, provided her with money, and with the delicacies so grateful to the taste of the invalid, and he did not forget while ministering to the wants of the body, the demands of the immortal spirit within the decaying tabernacle. He tried to enlighten her mind with the truths of the gospel, and read to her, from a German bible, the words of Jesus. She expressed her pleasure and gratitude at his visits and prayers; and once, when she thought herself near death, she sent for one of the ladies, who had

first found her, and asked her to take charge of the few effects she had, and to provide for her children. Two of the children were then taken, and placed in the Home for the Friendless; but the quiet of her room, where the hum of children's voices and the pattering of little feet were no longer heard, and the assiduous care of those who visited her from the Mission, were the means of gradually restoring her to health.

One day, while conversing with the kind friend whose perfect knowledge of German enabled her readily to communicate all her thoughts, she mentioned the fact that her husband's father had died in Germany, leaving a handsome property, and that her children were among the heirs to the estate. The gentleman who took so lively an interest in her welfare, had affidavits made of the facts,—the necessary papers prepared, a statement made to the consul,—and thus was obtained, from Germany, for this family a little independence, which placed them above want. The children were restored to her from the Home of the Friendless, and with them, no longer needing the care of the Mission, she removed to a comfortable home. Late tidings of her tell of her improved health, and that the tidy beggar is now a studious and happy little school girl.

CHAPTER XIII.

SKETCHES FROM THE MISSIONARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

The Dead Child.

On Monday, July the 29th, a woman of fine appearance, with one of those deep expressive faces that throw out a flood of feelings with every word the lips utter, came into the office and said that she was not in the habit of begging, but that she had been driven to it by her necessities. I asked her what she wanted. Her eyes, already swollen with weeping, overflowed again with tears, while she told me that her child had died on Sunday, and up to that time she had not obtained money enough to bury it.

She handed me a paper, which on examination, I found to be a permit from the sexton of St Patrick's Cathedral, to bury the child in Calvary Cemetery. I asked her if she were a Catholic. She said she was. I then told her to go to the priest, and tell him her story, and ask his assistance. She went, but came back ere long in deeper distress than ever, having only received

twenty-five cents. On her way she had called at a neighboring Institution, where she had received three shillings, sixpence of which she paid at the counter of the establishment for bread, leaving her two and sixpence. As she counted out her money, her face was the picture of despair. Oh, how my heart yearned over her. I sent a man to the poor woman's house to see that all was right. He saw the dead child—a lovely boy of about a year and a half old, with auburn curls clustering around his pretty face. I thought of my own little boy, and how I would feel if he should die, and I had no money to bury him.

I lent her money enough to bury the child, and she went away with a lighter heart.

I thought that this was the last of the woman, but yesterday morning I was called into the office, where I found her with her husband. They both clasped my hands in theirs, and wept their gratitude. I invited them to our chapel, and exhorted them to seek God. And though they did not promise to do either, I felt that perhaps seed was sown that would produce fruit in time to come. They seemed at a loss to find words to express their thanks, and I needed no words to make known unto my Heavenly Father the desires of my

heart, that he would follow them by his Spirit, and save them with their angel boy above.

The Dead Child in Leonard Street.

I was called on by two colored women, to come and pray with a family that had lost a child, three years of age. It was quite difficult for me to leave the Mission, which was thronged with visitors, but I went, and found a house full of negroes and Irish citizens. I inquired for the family, but could not ascertain its whereabouts. On going up stairs, I was asked into a room where lay a dead child that had been born the evening before, and died during the night. Its mother, a poor black woman, lay on a wretched pallet in a corner of the room. A woman, who seemed to be a nurse, said, "Are you a doctor?" "No!" "Well, you are a soul-doctor, ain't you?" "Yes; I am the Missionary at the Five Points." "Well, then, you had better pray with that woman, and see what you can do for her." I talked with the poor woman, and prayed with her, leaving them some aid, and hoping that God would bless them.

It was a long time before I found the child I sought. At last I came to the place. It was truly touching to see and hear their affecting lamentations. I gave them a word of exhortation, and prayed with them. They melted into tears of penitence, and when I referred to the happiness of the departed child taken from these scenes of vice and misery, and "safely housed" in one of the many mansions prepared by our Father, they wept aloud. May God in his mercy help and bless them.

Woman in Cow-Bay.

My assistant and myself went out to visit the sick, and among others, we called to find a woman in Cow-bay, who had sent for us. We entered one house and searched in every room, without success. We then tried the adjoining one, and after climbing rickety stairs, and stooping along low narrow passages, we reached the attic, at one end of which we saw a door, where we knocked for some time, and at last opened it ourselves. Our hearts grew sad within us, as away in one corner, between a huge chest on one side, and the brick wall on the other, we found the object of our

search, lying on the dirty floor. Without a rag of clothing, she was lying under a wretched cotton quilt, (which formed no contrast in color with the floor.) She presented a fearful picture of humanity wrecked. On inquiry, we found she was suffering the results of crime, the most awful. She had been for many months pursuing a course of most fearful intemperance, and was then living with a black man. The present sickness was occasioned in the first place by excess, and had afflicted her about a year, but had been greatly increased by shocking scenes in the room. A white woman, who had been horribly beaten by the black man with whom she was living, died on the Sunday previous to our visit, and had not been buried until the succeeding Wednesday, the putrid body spreading contagion in every direction through the house, and especially in this low narrow room. Too weak to go out, this poor creature lay in the room with this corpse three days and three nights—a situation horrible beyond description. Her decline was hastened by this; and the wretched creature lay before us, writhing in excruciating agony. My assistant went for the doctor, and I talked with the poor woman about her soul. She had been piously brought up, and her parents still lived in one of the most aristocratic portions of the city, not knowing any

thing about her. She had often felt in her wildest revelry that she was a sinner, but intemperance and its kindred crimes had hurried her onward until she had been brought to her present position, at the early age of twenty-three. I prayed with her, and found her, to all appearance, deeply penitent. Such fearful self-condemnations I never heard; such wailings of despair, as my mind had fancied, belonged only to the pit itself. I directed her to Christ, who could save even from these abysses of sin, and felt great satisfaction in telling the poor lost one the blessed story of the cross.

Several men and a woman now came into the room, and stood silently looking on. Alone, as I was, among so many who, from their looks, were adepts in crime, my position was not at all pleasant, especially when, as I arose to take my seat on the great chest, some pennies in my pocket jingled, and I noticed a quick look from one to the other. A thousand thoughts flew like lightning through my mind as I saw at a glance that I was so completely in their power, that they might accomplish any purpose they saw fit, and I could only by a miracle escape. My suspense was soon ended by the appearance of my assistant and the Doctor, who prescribed for the sick

woman. Among other things, ice was ordered. He sent the woman who had come in for it, and I never shall forget the look of mingled satisfaction and pain that spread over her face as she saw me with my knife break the ice into small lumps and put them into the poor woman's mouth. She said, as I arose from the pleasant task, "Well, sah, you is kind." This opened the way for some conversation between us; and following it up, we exhorted the whole company to forsake the ways of sin. The exhortations were honest ones, and the audience a wretched one. We knelt to pray; the whole company knelt, and as my assistant poured out his prayer to God, groans and cries filled the room. The wretched creature in the corner cried, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner;" and the same prayer rolled forth from other lips, whose only prayers had been imprecations, and whose penitence, despair. If angels ever weep they must have wept then. After a few days we had the sick woman brought to our building, and she began to improve, but the burning thirst for liquor seemed to haunt her like an avenging spirit. One day we missed her, and we have not been able to find her since. From some information we have gleaned, we think she went out to satisfy her craving thirst for the fiery stimulant, now become so

fatally necessary to her, and met her companion in crime, who has her locked up in Cow Bay.

May God save her.

The Irish Wake.

During the hot weather in August, many died from the intense heat, and one death from this cause occurred in our building. Dr. McNaire called upon me to visit the dying woman, whom I found lying on the floor with her head slightly elevated on a chair, turned down on the face—her mouth filled with foam, and her pulse quick and thready. A number of Irish, newly arrived, were sitting around, or lying on the boxes in the room. It was a solemn scene. I knelt and poured out my soul in prayer to God; but, oh! how fearful to pray at such an hour —when life is ebbing away, and every moment may decide the destiny of the soul "quivering on the ridge of life."

Just as I had ended the prayer, Mrs. F., who rented the room where the sick woman lay, came running in, and seeing that she was dying, went immediately for a

priest, to perform extreme unction, and as I came out, I met him going in. The woman soon died.

Then commenced the preparations for a wake. I gave orders that it should not be; but my orders were disregarded. At midnight, I heard that wild wail rolling upon the air, and I was reminded of that ancient cry at midnight in the land of Egypt, when Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians, and there was not a house where there was not one dead. I thought, too, of the startling summons sounding out at midnight: "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." I waited awhile, and while it was still dark, I went up to the room of death. There stood two rows of women, with their left hands around each other's waists, and their right beating upon their lips, making, as they shouted, a most horrible noise. Most of the women had never known the deceased until they saw her in her dying agonies, and yet the tears rolled down their cheeks in torrents. I succeeded at last, much to my joy, in breaking up this strange wild scene of frantic wo.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ONE INFIRMITY CONQUERED.

'Every man is the hero of a triumph or tragedy, as wide as the universe.'

STRANGE histories are there at the Five Points. Striking contrasts between the past of comfort and respectability, and the present of weariness and wo. An enemy has done this. From happy homes, and honored positions, Intemperance has driven his thousand victims down the "easy slope" of sin, until all their pleasant places are hidden from their sight. It was a noble resolve in young Warren Hastings, a boy, poor and unfriended, to regain the broad lands of his ancestors, and to be Hastings of Daylesford—a purpose not lost sight of when he reigned over the millions of India, and accomplished by the force of his indomitable will. It is nobler when a poor, despoiled child of earth resolves, in the strength of a heaven-born purpose, to arise and go to his father, to recover his alienated inheritance, and to have his name, which had become a by-word and reproach, enrolled in the

peerage of Heaven. These resolves, though not chronicled on earth, have their record on high!

One, we know at the Mission, who had a comfortable home and respectable position. His father being in good circumstances, intended him for the church, and sent him to one of the minor colleges at the University. But while there, his father died, leaving his property much involved, and a new aspect was given to his life. He left college, and thrown at once upon his own resources, entered the police service, and became head constable of the constabulary in Dublin, with fair prospects of promotion in her Majesty's service; but "this infirmity" hindered his preferment, and brought him, through all the descending stages of social life, to the Five Points.

During the time that he held this office, he was in the receipt of a good salary, and he gave his daughter a very fine education. While on a visit to a friend in Dublin, she attracted the favorable notice of Lieut. —— of the 17th Lancers, who married her, much against the wishes of his family, who were people of high birth and fortune. She was however received by them, and soon after accompanied her husband, who had sold his commission, to the continent. We have seen her daguerreotype in her father's room at the Mission. It

portrays a fair creature, richly attired, with soft eyes, delicate features, a well turned head, hair gracefully arranged, and a modest, gentle expression of countenance. She paid her father's and sister's passage to this country, gave her picture as a keepsake to her step-mother, and since then they have heard nothing from her. In her "travelled and cultivated luxury," does she think of the struggling ones to whom she is so nearly allied?

Mrs. B. brought out to this country furniture to the value of three hundred dollars, a good supply of clothing for winter and summer, for herself and the children, and $275 in money. She was an industrious woman, and perfectly temperate in her habits, and she secured the washing of some gentlemen in the Merchants' Hotel for a year. Their first location was an unfortunate one, in a house in Liberty Street, where there were always smoking and drinking, and consequently, temptations too strong for Mr. B. to resist. His occupation, too, canvassing the city with books, brought him into daily contact with friends from the old country, with whom he was induced to take a social glass, and so the course was still downward—downward.

Removing from Liberty street, they took three rooms in Mulberry street, at five dollars and a half a month,

and let out one of them; but an old man, connected with the Five Points House of Industry, who had known Mr. B. in the old country, came to him and advised him to rent a basement room in Mr. Pease's house, saying, that he could have it for four dollars a month, and that he could do a good business there. In an evil hour he consented. "I never heard," said his wife, "of the Five Points until I was landed in it." The room was in wretched repair, the plaster fallen down from the ceiling—and worse than all, so excessively damp, that Mrs. B. was soon attacked with inflammatory rheumatism. "Not a hand nor foot, body nor bone," said the poor woman, "could I move; and what with doctors' bills, and other necessary expenses, the forty dollars I had when I went there, were soon gone." Mr. Pease, on being told of the dampness of the room, had her carried up into an attic, where the air was drier; but the change failing to produce any amendment, she was advised to go to the Hospital. With no means to procure admission into the New-York Hospital, she reluctantly consented, that she might regain her health and work for her family, to go to the Hospital on Ward's Island. Her children, weeping around her, were to be left exposed to the terrible influences of the Five Points. Her hus-

band's "infirmity" she knew full well; and in her despair she turned to the Superintendent of the House of Industry, and asked him if he would take charge of her furniture—her feather bed, and dinner and tea-set, of stone china, and all the other articles of which her memory has taken a strict account. Her mind was quite relieved when Mr. P. promised her, as she was lifted into the carriage, that he would store her furniture in an unoccupied loft until her return.

Her recovery was more rapid than she expected, and though still on crutches, she returned home. "*Home*," did I say? There were the four walls of the room—a table, with a loaf of bread, out of which a piece had been broken; for knife there was none; nor spoon, nor plate. On inquiring of Mr. Pease for her furniture, he told her that he knew nothing about it; that he had too much else to attend to, to look after her things. Two of her children had been sent to the Home of the Friendless, and the other was there, dirty and neglected. The poor woman looked round upon the empty room, and said, "I brought nothing into this world, and I can carry nothing out." Mrs. Hewlen, the teacher of the day school, came in to comfort and pray with her, and words of kindness melted the heart of the poor, desolate creature. Lame as she was, she got a tin pan, and

washed her child, and a few soiled clothes she found in a corner, to make ready a clean garment for the poor little neglected one. She then scoured a black tin plate she found there, and ate her "bit off it," and obtained credit with a neighboring grocer for a bowl, of the value of three cents, for her tea. She could bear, she said, the "spoiling of her goods," but she must leave that place, for she hated the very walls where she had known so much sorrow.

Her children came to her from the Home of the Friendless, and a way was opened for her to depart. A kind friend in Greenwich street, who had known her in Ireland, gave her six dollars, which she paid at once for the rent of a room in Trinity-place, where she remained for eighteen months, during which time she was frequently visited by the Rev. Mr. J———, of the Floating Chapel. They then moved to City Hall place, where they were found by one of the Ladies of the Mission.

One Sunday morning the lady was accosted by a little girl, who asked her to come and see her sick mother. Accompanied by a gentleman associated with the Mission, she followed her little guide to the fourth story, front room, of a house in City Hall Place. Deep poverty was there, but there was still an air about the

room, that betokened some idea of comfort and respectability. The poor woman was suffering great agony from inflammatory rheumatism, her hand being enormously swollen. Sympathy and kindness soothed even the anguish of disease, and as the gentleman knelt, and earnestly commended the afflicted family to the care and keeping of a merciful Father, both husband and wife were deeply affected. The husband returned with the lady to the Mission, and was furnished with flannels and such articles of comfort as the invalid required. Some days after he came again, saying that his wife was now attacked with inflammation of the chest, and was very low. Mrs. —— at once sent her own Physician, who blistered her, and "saved her life," said her husband, "for she would have surely died without that timely help, as the Dispensary Doctor but seldom came to see her, and she needed careful treatment." She soon recovered; and the lady, who was most favorably impressed with Mr. B.'s. intelligence and gentlemanly bearing, saw that there were elements of goodness in him, which only needed culture to make him a respectable and useful man, and she urged him to take the pledge. He did sign a temperance pledge, which he has most faithfully kept, and he says, he trusts by the grace of God, that he never, under any circumstances,

will touch a drop again. Mrs. —— told him that, in the Spring, there would be rooms in the Mission-building to be rented at a low rate, and that there he would be shielded in some measure from the temptations which had been so fatal to him.

"And I thank God that I came," said he, "and that I ever saw the Five Points; for, but for the Mission, I should have been lost, body and soul. And now everything goes well with me." The infirm of purpose has been led by wise counsel, and watchful care, to a steadfast reliance on that Power, who to them that "have no might, increaseth strength." The Missionary obtained an excellent situation, with a good salary, for Mr. B., who, by his faithful performance of his duties, gives great satisfaction to his employers. Mrs. B. finishes shirts for a store in Broadway, where she has obtained work for two years, and in which she has now secured a good place for her step-daughter, who very much resembles the sister who is moving in so widely different a sphere. Their youngest child is one of the neatest, prettiest little girls in the Mission school; and their lightsome, tidy, comfortable room in the Mission building, tells of better days.

"It is better and better every day," he said, with a beaming face, the day before Thanksgiving, which was

probably the first real Thanksgiving day he had ever kept, when, with a full heart, he could pour forth his thanks for the blessed hopes and brighter days now dawning upon him. The son is with an excellent family, on a large farm, in Connecticut. On a recent visit to him, Mrs. B. was delighted to find him so happy in his country home, away from the temptations and dangers of a city—in a pious family, where he is present at morning and evening prayers, and where he is trained up to the useful, vigorous life of a New England boy. Her little daughter who accompanied her, wished "that all the Five Points' children could have such a large, beautiful place to play in." After speaking of her visit, Mrs. B. told me of a "good dream" she had had the night before. She thought that our Saviour had come upon the earth, and that all were rushing to see Him. She too, went, and saw a mountain of rolls of bread; and the Saviour, whom she did not see, for he seemed to be hidden in this bread, gave her two of the rolls, with which she returned home entirely *satisfied*. The sweet prayer, "Lord, evermore give us this bread," which perhaps suggested the dream, rose to my lips, and Mrs. B. added, that she hoped to eat of that bread which would fully satisfy the hunger of the soul. This dream recalled another to her mind, which years before she

had written "on a bit of an old copy book," that she might not forget it. She thought that she saw the Saviour extended on the cross, but that she saw him dimly through a stained glass window, and she woke, crying out,

> "Oh, that I might my Saviour see,
> With unbeclouded eyes."

Lines, that she said, she had "travelled in vain through many a hymn book to find," and her prayer was for herself and her husband, that they might their Saviour see with unbeclouded eyes. We trust that her husband has found that "the right hand of the Most High" can give him strength to conquer his "infirmity," enabling him to walk prayerfully and steadfastly in the narrow way upon which he has entered; and that years of improved prospects—happier, holier years, may justify the wife's declaration, "I feared the Five Points would be the death of me, but I trust I have found here my resurrection and my life."

Night Scenes in the Old Brewery.

"In the dark they dig through houses, which they had marked for themselves in the day time. They know not the light."—Job.

After the purchase of the Old Brewery, rumors were rife of hidden treasures buried in its dark cellars and passages, of vestiges remaining of the crimes that had so long held high festival in that gathering place of the workers of iniquity. That there was some foundation for such rumors may be gathered from the following incident. Soon after the purchase of the property, a man called on the agent to inquire if the lower under-ground cellar was to let. The agent, though perfectly ignorant of the fact that there was such a cellar, replied that he presumed so, and followed the man down into a long dark damp cellar without a floor, which had held some of the machinery of the Old Brewery in its days of business. "For what purpose can you use this doleful cellar?" asked the agent. "I am a trader in vegetables," was the ready reply, "and I wish to hire this cellar to store them in." The agent, thus unexpectedly put into possession of more available room, named his price for the month. The

man immediately handed him the sum required, took possession of the key, and departed. He did not appear again during the month, and but for the occasional thought that the vegetable dealer was very quiet, the circumstance passed from the mind of the agent.

On the first of the following month, he again called, and tendering the key to the agent, said he should want the cellar no longer as he found it too damp for his purpose. There was an undefinable something in the manner of the stranger that excited the curiosity of the agent, and taking the key, he went immediately to the cellar. There were no indications that vegetables had been stored there; but there were evidences of a more mysterious transaction. Two holes were dug in the ground, one sufficiently deep and wide to admit a large chest, and directly over this hole, an iron hook was fastened in the beam supporting the floor above, and this beam broken, as if some very heavy body had been drawn out of the ground by a tackle. The ground was newly turned; the beam recently broken; and that the vegetable dealer had taken out of the cellar more than he put in, was a conclusion to which the agent speedily arrived. But conclusions were all he could reach; and with these, he was obliged to be satisfied.

A few weeks after this, it was deemed necessary that the old, rickety building should come down.

On the evening of Thanksgiving day, it was illuminated preparatory to its demolition, and the broad blaze of light shone out cheerily in that dark place. All were willing to see in it a symbol of the coming light of truth, which could penetrate even that gross darkness. For three or four nights, the Old Brewery was thrown open to the public, and thousands came to visit it, ere it was blotted from the face of the earth. Each visitor was furnished at the door with a candle, and by its light, he wandered through the dark passages, and up and down the creaking old stair-ways—peering into low, damp, mouldering rooms, and passing through breaches made in the blackened walls to afford free passage through the building. It was curious to see the lights flitting to and fro in the darkness, and to mark the expectant look of mingled curiosity and awe on the young faces, many of whom had never before been brought into such close contact with poverty and crime. For though the inmates had departed, yet the very "stones in the wall seemed to cry out," and echoes of wailings and wild revelry to linger there. And now the strange hum of cheerful voices, and the open look of honest faces, were in strong contrast with the past,

which pictured its horrors vividly to imaginations excited by the novelty of the scene.

The work of demolition was begun; and while the discolored walls, upon which might have been written whole histories of sin, were being taken down, two men were observed to come frequently and stand there with the air of unconcerned spectators. One night, at one o'clock, a carriage drove up and stopped near the Old Brewery, and shortly after the door of the office in the building was shaken. The man hired to watch the premises at night, opened the door, and was accosted by two well dressed men: "Can we see the Old Brewery; we have heard so much about it?" The watchman said it was rather an untimely hour for a visit. But they told him that they had come from a distance, and were anxious to see it; and he replied, "You can see what is left of it." One of the men, apparently familiar with the premises, passed through the office into the yard, when as the light from a handsome amp which he had brought with him, flashed on his face, the watchman recognised him as one of the two men whose frequent visits had been remarked. "Where about these premises do you live?" asked one of the strangers. "Up stairs, in the rear of the Old Brewery." "Will you show me?" said he, leading the way up the

old stairs. "So, here is where you live. Will you take a glass of brandy?" said he, drawing a flask from his side-pocket. "No, thank you," said the watchman, "I am a temperance man." "Well, but you are out in the cold, and this is a disagreeable business to be thus exposed." Finding that no entreaty could prevail upon the watchman to drink, and evidently wishing to detain this "Parley the Porter" in conversation as long as possible, he offered him a cigar, and plied him with questions and inquiries, from which he found it difficult to break away. He offered him ten dollars if he would allow two men to come on the premises for a few nights unmolested. The watchman refused. Fifty Dollars! A hundred were then offered, but the watchman still refused the tempting offer, until he had consulted some of the gentlemen of the Advisory Committee by whom he was hired. The watchman, rather doubtful of the propriety of his course in thus parleying with the strangers, returned to the yard, followed by his companion, who asked permission to look about him a little. He then measured twelve feet from the corner of the wall, and looking curiously at the place, pulled out a copper bolt. At a certain number of feet from another point, he pulled out two copper bolts; then going down into the cellar and measuring four feet

from the window, they found two copper-nails driven cross-wise into the wall. The measurements completed, apparently to their satisfaction, they told the watchman to keep his own secrets and they would make him as happy a man as any in the Points, and left him with the permission to return the following night.

On communicating these facts to some gentlemen of the Advisory Committee, the watchman was instructed to have a police officer on the spot, as the visit of these men who "loved darkness rather than light" might lead to the recovery of stolen property. The next night, the police officer, wrapped in an old great-coat, was snugly ensconced in a dark corner of the office when the strangers entered. His presence was soon detected by their quick eyes, and they remonstrated with the watchman for allowing any one to be there, when they had told him they must be alone. One was for putting the man out, but the other said, "Never mind him, he is only a drunken loafer not able to heed anything," and they went to the spot they had previously marked. The police officer came to the back door, and watched their movements. They found a soft place in the ground, apparently of some decaying matter, and with a sharp pointed stick they "speared" the ground here and there, till they seemed to discover

what they wanted. They found, however, on coming back to the office that the sleeping man had disappeared, and looking out of the door they saw him rapidly hastening in the direction of the Tombs for assistance. "We have been entrapped," said one of the men, "and we must be off at once;" and they immediately disappeared. The counter-plot was not successful. The watchman tried to follow out the clue they had given. He removed a large stone from the wall of the "Den of Thieves" whence they had taken the copper bolt, but he found no casket concealed behind it. He dug in "the soft place" where the strangers had "been spearing," but no gleam of golden treasure rewarded his toil.

Night after night passed, and no tidings of the mysterious strangers. At length, the watchman saw five of them in the yard, they having effected their entrance in the rear. Fearing that they might tie him up while they carried away what must be of some worth to involve such trouble and expense—he went to his room for his pistol, the firing of which was the signal agreed upon with the police. He fired, and at once stones and brick-bats were hurled at him without mercy, but he could easily shelter himself behind the fragments still standing, of the wall of the Old Brewery. "Kill him! kill him!" they cried out, as

he again fired, and filling the air with imprecations, they climbed over the rear wall towards Pearl street, leaving behind them their implements of digging.

No more parleying with the porter after this! The mystery was still unravelled, the nightly visitation still unexplained! The significant marks on the stone in the wall—the bribe offered to the watchman—all suggested visions of jewels and precious things to those made acquainted with what was passing at the dead hour of the night, amidst the crumbling walls of the Old Brewery.

But vice is often on the alert when duty sleeps at her post. How or when we know not, but probably while the watchman slept, the persevering strangers effected their purpose, and carried off the object of their search. Silently and surely they did their work, though they were obliged to remove a large heap of rubbish, which, by the order of the contractor for the building, had been placed upon the spot. A hole had been dug near the place indicated by their marks, and nothing was left but the void from which may have been taken treasures of great price.

The Old Brewery may have had its brilliant jewels carefully hidden from the light of day, but we have not seen them. We *have* seen the jewels of the New

Mission House; precious stones, gathered from deep caverns of crime, yawning abysses of iniquity—needing to be "cleared of the dark incrustations of sin," and to be "fretted" and polished, that they may shine in that day when the Lord of Hosts maketh up his jewels.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAYNOOTH PRIEST.

The experience of those who visit at the Five Points, is singularly varied and interesting. Some new phase of human life is continually presented—not always portraying the gradations of vice, and leading us step by step to the lowest point that fallen humanity can reach; not merely relieving the dark picture by a faint flash, which seems only to reveal what might have been, if purer influences had sooner exerted their power, and which was not, because the Christian Church had failed to perform its appropriate work here, until hundreds of adults were hardened in vice, and scores of children blighted in their opening years.

Not always are pictures such as these permitted to agonize the Christian hearts, who, in the providence of God, are called to labor in this fearful place.

Ever and anon, amid this desert waste, is discovered an oasis so green and so refreshing, that the desponding laborer, gazing on the scene, feels new life rushing

through his exhausted spirit, reviving him afresh, for the continued path of painful effort.

This chapter will illustrate our meaning. We leave the openly vicious, whose lives have been reformed through the influences issuing from the Mission. We forget the drunkard, the swearer, and the gambler, and turn to the moral man, who, with a cultivated intellect, and an irreproachable character, was brought in the providence of God, from a far country, to the Five Points, there to learn that morality is not religion; there to be made a partaker of that inward life, for which he had sought through many weary years. It is pleasant to trace his onward course of usefulness, and leave him in the strength of his manhood, occupying a sphere, which in the language of a poet,

> "Might fill an angel's heart,
> And filled a Saviour's hands."

Then we depict the strangest sight of all. A Christian, sick, aged and in utter poverty, living in the Five Points—strong in hope, triumphant in faith, irreproachable in life, powerful in example, victorious in death. "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange," and we pause and wonder before these varied manifestations of the Holy Spirit's power, of the wondrous adaptation of

redemption's glorious plan to man, irrespective of country, name, and all those adventitious circumstances which so affect human judgment and human estimation. The second year of the Mission opened amid many difficulties and trials. The bold idea of purchasing 'the old Brewery,' had not yet been uttered except in the form of a suppressed wish, which it seemed extravagant to cherish; and the germ of all the embarrassments, which in succeeding months gathered darkly around us, was even then unfolding; creating an atmosphere so dim, that the eye of faith alone could look beyond it, and discern the star of Bethlehem pointing us onward to that visible manifestation of the Saviour's power and glory in this benighted place, the hope of which had inspired us to attempt a Mission here, and sustained us thus far in our weary work.

While sending abroad our temporal charities, as far and wide as our limited means would permit, the *main* design of the Mission was never for a moment forgotten. What though the drunkard was reformed, the vicious reclaimed, the idle supplied with work? What though the children were gathered into school, and their miserable parents in some degree influenced by the kindness thus shown? While all this was effected, in numberless instances, time was giving place to eter-

nity. Together, the Christian laborers and the hardened sinners were hurrying to the judgment seat. The soul, the immortal soul, encased in the diseased and loathsome body, and almost benumbed under the combined pressure of ignorance and sin, seemed ever to utter a low and plaintive cry for rescue and for aid, to those who were rejoicing in the personal consciousness of a present and Almighty Saviour—and stronger and yet stronger grew the resolve, that no plan of outward success, no prospect of worldly popularity, no rapid advance of visible improvement, should for one moment usurp the place, or occupy the time of those direct, religious influences, which alone can work the abiding moral renovation of the undying spirit.

Prominent among the religious meetings thus sedulously maintained, was the class-meeting, but so modified to suit the existing want of the people that the original idea of its institution was almost lost; for it was not the meeting together of Christians to compare the actual experience of renewed hearts, and to receive encouragement and instruction from a leader in advance of them in deep spiritual knowledge. It was more properly an inquiry-meeting, where the ignorant, the superstitious, or the half awakened sinner came to ask questions, to propose doubts, to admit increasing

light, and to be led from the first dawn of spiritual day, into the noontide brightness of conscious personal salvation.

One Sunday morning, the Mission-room was filled, as usual, with rescued children, and attentive adult listeners. The Missionary preached from, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He explained simply and solemnly the nature of true repentance, its necessity, and the fearful results of neglecting it.

While enforcing the subject, his eye rested upon a countenance he had not seen before. It was that of a respectable looking man, in the prime of life. It indicated deep and troubled thought, but as visitors were frequent at the Mission, and his whole appearance seemed to show that he did not belong to that region, the natural conclusion was, that he was a casual, though deeply interested visitor. The time and place of the class-meeting were announced, and a general invitation was given to all anxious on the subject of religion to attend.

The evening came, and in the little Mission room were assembled from twenty to thirty ignorant and degraded men and women. In some, curiosity had been the predominant motive; in others, a vague alarm had been awakened; in some, the influence of earlier

years were asserting their power; in others, the spirit of true repentance was revealing the past, and awakening a faint hope for the future. As the Missionary glanced over his little flock to take anew the gauge of their necessities, he saw the stranger who had attracted his notice on the preceding Sabbath. He was there in that little, simple meeting. Who was he? What brought him there? thought the Missionary, too much accustomed, however, to strange things to feel more than a momentary hesitation. The hymn was sung, the prayer uttered, the usual testimony elicited, suitable advice given to all who were in the habit of attending, and the Missionary accosted the stranger.

He arose, and in a calm and impressive manner, made (in substance) the following remarks: "I was brought up a Roman Catholic. I was for many years a priest in that communion, but several years ago through the reading of the Holy Scriptures, I became convinced that neither the doctrine nor the practice of that Church is in accordance with the word of God. I left it, and have ever since been seeking after light and rest. I left my native country, and am here a stranger in a strange land. Last Sunday, sir, I heard you preach. You explained the nature of true repen-

tance. With exceeding power, the question was forced upon my mind, Have I repented? I felt I had not, according to that rule. You spoke of forgiveness of sins, and the consciousness of pardon. I saw there was an experience I had never known. I had professed for years to forgive the sins of others, and I felt that hour, that mine were not forgiven. You enforced the text that *all* would perish, except they repented. I saw I was among the number, and I became alarmed. I went home to read, and think, and pray, but the conviction continues. I am alarmed to-night. What must I do, Sir, to obtain rest and safety? I came here to be instructed in these important truths." He sat down, and for some moments silence prevailed. The Missionary was praying for "the wisdom that is profitable to direct." A conversation then ensued. Feelings were expressed, difficulties stated, and explanations given. The plan of redemption was simply unfolded, and passages of Scripture marked for examination and for proof. They parted, with the mutual agreement to pray earnestly for the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit, until they should meet again.

For weeks, a similar course was pursued. On the Sabbath he was a wrapt and prayerful listener. In the temperance meetings, he exerted all his influence, and in

the class-meeting, he narrated his struggles and his desires. His manner was singularly calm and quiet. He would give the most perfect analysis of his emotions, compare them with the word of God, note where they were in accordance with it, and where they came short of its requirements. But to his own perception, this seemed a mere intellectual process. He complained that he did not feel, while the Missionary and his wife, who were sympathizing with him at every step, saw clearly, that while light increased, his spirituality increased also, and that he was gradually approaching that point where the witness of acceptance would seal the perfect consecration, and the consciousness of adoption fill him with joy unspeakable. Three months passed by; for occasionally he was impeded by harassing doubts and fears. "Justification by faith" was a mystery not yet grasped. He saw clearly his need of a Saviour. He recognized Jesus as that Saviour. He rejoiced in the redemption accomplished for the world. He believed that he was included in it, but the simple reliance of the soul upon Christ, as a personal present Saviour, was not yet exercised. The transition point was not yet passed.

Some months previous to this, a youth connected with the Sabbath School of the Mission, had been taken

ill, and was now about to die. Peace reigned in his heart, and Heaven was opening before him. A summons came to the Missionary to visit him once more, and he invited his anxious friend to accompany him. Together they stood beside that bed of death. The wasted, pallid face grew bright at their approach, and to the Missionary's question, "How do you feel now, Thomas?" came forth the triumphant response: "Oh, I am happy, Mr. Luckey. I feel I am going home. My sins are all forgiven, praise, praise the Lord." They bowed in prayer and praise, and then, having an engagement, the Misssionary immediately left. His companion remained beside the dying lad. Weak and exhausted, he lay motionless, with his eyes closed, looking as though the vital spark was even then extinguished. Solemn and varied were the thoughts that occupied that watcher's mind, and filled his heart with almost uncontrollable emotion. Not that the scene in all respects was new. He had stood beside scores of death beds, and heard confessions, and given absolution, and applied holy oil. He had seen souls trembling on the verge of Purgatory, and shrinking in utter dread from the undefined process which was to prepare them eventually for a distant Heaven; and he had soothed them with the promise of innumerable masses which were to redeem them from

the bondage of another sphere. But in the clear light which had lately shone into his mind, he saw that this was not the truth. He saw that earth was the place where redemption was achieved, and where victory was promised. In the Bible he had read, "O, death, where is thy sting, O, grave, where is thy victory!" "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And here, before his eyes was a living, yet dying exemplification of these glorious truths. He saw clearly that Christ was indeed a Saviour—an Almighty Saviour. The triumphant words of the dying lad were ringing in his ears, "I am happy. I am going Home. My sins are all forgiven." Unconsciously, his personal confidence was increasing, and faith and hope were gaining ascendency over doubt and fear. He sat gazing on the boy. Suddenly the closed eye opened, and fastened its earnest gaze upon him, and with supernatural energy, the dying lad exclaimed, "Mr. ——, are your sins forgiven? Is Christ your Saviour?" The dim eye closed again, and the mortal put on immortality. "Is Christ your Saviour?" the question echoed through that gazer's heart. Rapidly his mind surveyed the past, the present, and the future. The fulness and freeness of redeeming grace opened to his spiritual vision. His weary

heart reposed itself on Christ. The witness of acceptance was clearly and joyously experienced, and he exclaimed,—"O, yes. I feel He is my Saviour. O, Thomas, would that you had lived till I could have told you so!"

The work was done, and the man stood forth a redeemed and willing Agent. To find a proper sphere of action was now the question which he naturally referred to his Christian friends. Many difficulties arose. Those who did not know the minutiæ of his history were afraid he might be insincere—he might be a Jesuitical teacher. But the Missionary knew better. He knew how gradually and thoughtfully that "inner work" had been accomplished, and he had daily evidence that it was deep and thorough. He stood surety for him, and Mr. —— was employed by the American Bible Society, as Agent in various places, and by the American and Foreign Christian Union, as colporteur and reader. This general work did not satisfy him. His heart yearned for the communion in which he had found light and peace, and he wrote to Mr. L., stating his difficulties and wishes.

The influence of his spiritual father was again exerted. He was introduced into the —— Conference and he is now the pastor of a charge in a neighboring state.

A sphere seems opening before him, which, if he lives to fill successfully, will reveal with sunlight clearness why he was brought to the Five Points, there to have his deepest sympathies for the Mission enlisted, and to feel a tie to his spiritual birth-place, stronger than that which binds him to ease, fame, or a more honorable position among men.

The facts contained in the above sketch were perfectly familiar to many. But to make assurance doubly sure, the writer addressed a letter to the Rev. Mr. ——, requesting information on some points. We give his answer, even at the risk of repetition, as confirmatory of many facts, particularly those public ones which are known to many, and must be interesting to all.

Dec. 10, 1853.

In compliance with your request, I hasten to give you a sketch of the history of my past life, in the hope that it may, in some measure, contribute to advance the interests of the "Mission."

I was born in Ireland, in the town of C——, County of M——, and Province of Connaught. From my childhood I had been intended for the Romish Priesthood. I was accordingly educated for that profession; was in due time sent by the then Bishop of the Diocese (Killala) to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth; finished my Collegiate course therein; was "ordained" in

College, and immediately after was sent by the Bishop to Dean L.'s parish with full power and *extraordinary* jurisdiction, to officiate there as Roman Catholic Priest. I said extraordinary—for while no other priest in the Diocese had the power of absolving in the confessional any man or woman who was guilty of the *awful* crime of going into a Protestant House of worship, during (they would not say *Divine*) service, I had, as I then foolishly imagined, the power of absolving in such a case. That is called a "reserved case," because it is *reserved* to the Bishop. I have made a digression from my subject, for the purpose of letting the reader know the reason why my Catholic countrymen are so much afraid of entering any of our Meeting-Houses on the Sabbath day. But to return. I officiated as Priest for the space of eight years — reading masses, hearing confessions, giving absolutions, enjoining penances, giving the Eucharist, banishing the Devil out of tubs full of pure water by reading certain Latin prayers over them, and throwing in some salt, and then sprinkling the people with the same, or, in other words with "*Holy* Water," anointing, not the *sick*, but the *dying*, giving them the "Viaticum," and reading masses for the repose of their souls, after their death. For a considerable time before the expiration of the period above named, I was harassed and perplexed with doubts, in reference to Transubstantiation and priestly absolution. I endeavored to shake them off by falling

back on the "Infallibility" of *The Church*, and, as I was bound to do in such a case, by going to confession; and in that tribunal, it was invariably decided that my doubts were a temptation of the Devil! but all this did not remove them, for though sometimes checked by the various restraints imposed upon me, they were sure to return with renewed force. In this state I spent many sleepless nights and wearisome days, till at length, by frequent and attentive reading of the Bible, I found myself in good faith, constrained, though reluctantly, to come to the conclusion that these doctrines not only had no foundation in the word of God, but were repugnant thereto. This being the case, and therefore, not being able, conscientiously or consistently, to remain any longer in "Mother Church," I resolved to leave, and accordingly did so, and joined the Church of England, in connexion with which I was, after some time, appointed curate in my native town. This of itself is proof positive that my previous moral character was unexceptionable, and also that the step which I had so lately taken must have proceeded from conviction alone, in the absence of any other motive whatever. As it appears to me to be of the utmost importance to establish this point, I here give the words of the Church of England Minister himself, whose assistant I had been:—

"The Rev.———, who was for many years a priest in the Church of Rome, officiated by permission of the

Lord Bishop of Tuam, as assistant to me for more than a year in this parish.

"RICH'D ST. GEORGE,
Vicar of Killala, Ireland.

"*August* 12*th*, 1850."

I sent Rev. R. St. George a written resignation of my curacy, and then had a far wider field for work, for I was soon invited by Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodist ministers, far and near, to preach in their respective churches; and I did so, and have been instrumental, I trust, in doing much good by preaching in the Irish language to hundreds of Romanists, who could not be reached in any other way. I subsequently began to hold meetings in the rural districts amongst the Roman Catholics, on week-day evenings, and continued to preach in three different places on the Sabbath. At length being left to my own resources almost entirely for maintenance, and being a very poor hand at making my wants known to those who would be ready to assist me with pecuniary aid, I came to the determination of setting out for America. Accordingly I left Ireland in April, 1851, and sailed from Liverpool for New York. I arrived here without suffering in any way from the voyage, not having been even sea-sick; and found difficulties in my way, for some time, by reason of not being then connected with any particular section of the Church of Christ; but after some time, I had to say

with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

Having heard of the Mission at the Five Points, and what was being done there in the cause of Temperance and the Gospel, I went thither, became acquainted with Brother Luckey, then the Ladies' Missionary in that place, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. I heard him preach on the ensuing Sabbath, assisted in keeping drunken men and women from talking during sermon, and children from pulling each other by the hair. I endeavored to get every one of the degraded and abandoned creatures in the shape of human beings, to sign the pledge, and pray to God to give them grace and strength to keep it. I attended the prayer-meetings and class-meetings while in New York. It was here I was led to see and feel that during the time past I had been only drawing a line of demarcation between truth on one hand and error on the other, but that I never really experienced the love of God in my heart before; never up to that time knew anything of the power of religion in the soul. Instead of preaching to others, I now began to preach to myself, and to read, meditate and pray. While I thus continued to progress in spirituality, I did what I could to promote the religion whose power I then felt, among all those with whom I came in contact, especially in that part of the city. I have been successively and successfully employed by the Rockland County Bible Society, as their agent in that county; by the American Bible Society in New

York at Staten Island; by the American Foreign and Christian Union, in Norfolk County, Mass., and am now pastor of the M. E. Church. In all these stations I have discharged my duty faithfully and fearlessly, "being strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Yours respectfully,

G———"

The Rich Poor Man.

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!"

In the fall of 1851, my attention was called to an old man, who had taken a seat in the Mission room. His whole appearance bore the marks of respectability, although his clothing was very common, and the cane upon which he leaned for support, was but a rude stick. He was evidently in declining health, but his face seemed the index of patient resignation. For several succeeding Sabbaths he continued to come, and one day I resolved to follow the old man home, unnoticed by him. He walked slowly up Anthony street, till he passed Centre. When a few doors above, he went down a crooked pair of steps, to the basement

of an old house. I waited till he had entered, and then knocked at the door. It was opened by a pleasant-faced Irish woman, who bade me come in. "Have you any children who do not attend Sabbath-school?" I asked, (this being the question we often put when visiting strangers in this locality.) "No, ma'am; this is all I have," holding up her infant for my admiration. I spoke to the child, while at the same time I took a survey of the apartment. It was not a large room, yet four bedsteads were placed against its sides, with no division or compartment, save a strip of muslin. Reader! this was a *boarding house*, of rather a better class than many we witness in the Five Points, for it had the luxury of bedsteads, which, if I might judge from their appearance, had comfortable beds upon them. I found it was near dinner time; the boarders were expected home. *One had arrived*, and had taken his seat upon a bench, and was opening a Bible. *It was our old friend from the Mission room.* "You read the Bible, I see," said I, addressing the old man. "Is it a favorite book with you, sir?" "Oh, yes, indeed," he replied, while his eyes filled with tears; "*it is all I have* in this world. It is my *treasure.* Nothing is left me in this world but this." The woman continued, "Yes, he seems to take great comfort in his

reading, but though I don't think just as he does," said the in a low tone of voice, "yet it seems to be his greatest comfort, and makes him very happy, though he is so poorly." "Do you board here?" I asked. "I lodge here when I can pay a shilling a night, and that dear, good woman," pointing to the hostess, "gives me nearly all I need to eat." "Indeed, ma'am," said the woman, "I think it is a pity for such an old man to be without a home, poor creature; and I tells him to be aisy, for my boarders all love him,—the creature, he is so harmless." "But the *Lord* opens my way all the time," said this aged saint, "I have been down the street aways, to hear Mr. Luckey, the Missionary, preach, and I like him much; and he is good to me. And a lady has given me some money; see here," showing twenty-five cents, "this is all I need, and this has she done three times. The Lord reward her." Fearing I was intruding upon their dining hour, (for the food seemed already to be served from the stove,) I was about taking my leave, but the woman bade me stay, and I was glad of the opportunity; as it enabled me to gather a little of the old man's history. He said, "I have served God from my youth. I can scarcely recollect when I did not love him, and he has never left me nor forsaken me. Poor health, and a broken fortune in Ireland,

induced me, at the request of friends, to come to this country in search of a son, who had left Ireland a number of years before, and, though I failed continually in health, and though I have not succeeded in finding my son, yet God has not left me one moment. My feet were led to this neighborhood; and subsequently my ear caught the sound of singing at the Mission room, and surely God's hand was in this direction. I am *rich*. I do not heed these poor wants of the body, for I am always supplied. I have need of nothing." "Oh, the thankful creature!" interrupted the Irish woman. "Yes, ma'am, I have need of nothing; for the Lord is with me. He is my companion by day and night. The streams of mercy and salvation are always full." My heart swelled with emotion; tears flowed from my eyes, as I looked upon this humble, patient, expectant heir of salvation. I said, as I left, "Oh, the *riches* of God's grace; this is the strongest proof of abiding, lively faith I have ever witnessed." We visited him often, and in the Missionary he found a good friend who assisted in supplying his temporal wants. He began to fail more rapidly, and it was thought advisable to remove him to a room in the "Old Brewery," where he would have more quiet, and where a person could be in attendance upon him. The Missionary

had a little room partitioned off from a large apartment for old "Father Best," as we used to call him; and the wardrobe supplied comfortable pillows and blankets. And when the aged saint was put in his quiet room, such a strain of thanksgiving as ascended thence, was never heard before in the Old Brewery. *There*, where a few months before, nothing met the ear but the most awful curses and blasphemies, where none but thieves and assassins frequented, *there* lay an heir of God, a joint heir of the Redeemer of the world, from whom the high praises of his God were continually ascending. His gratitude was most touching. "It is more than I deserve. I do not wish any thing more. It is more than my Master had; less will answer me. You give me pain by the trouble you take," were the replies, continually given to our desires to help him. The strong faith and confidence that had supported him through many years of privation and suffering were eminently triumphant now. To our enquiries as to his spiritual enjoyment as he declined, he would answer, "God is *good;* he is sweetly near. Soon, I shall dwell with him forevermore." The Bible seemed all his own. He had been so constant a reader of its truths, that he seemed to know every promise it contained, and rested on them most unwaveringly,

and as he had been taught by the Holy Spirit, to appropriate them to himself. "I am nothing," said he to me, during the last conversation I had with him, "but Christ is my rock—he is my all and in all."

On the Thursday preceding his death, he seemed so far spent that his friends thought he was dying, and we surrounded his bed side. "Father Best, you are about to leave us." "No! I shall be here a few days longer. If I have a wish, it is that I may enter the house of my rest on Sabbath morning, the morning of my Redeemer's resurrection."

That wish was gratified. A few days passed on, and in the midnight stillness which preceded the Sabbath's dawn, were heard from that rudely constructed room, the exclamations, "Almost gone!"—"Glory be to God!" "The promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus." "My Redeemer, my everlasting portion." Gradually he sunk, but the lamp of life continued to flicker until *six of the clock* proclaimed it to be indeed the day on which the Saviour burst the bars of death; then exclaiming, while the light of heaven rested on his countenance, "I knew I should enter into rest on the Lord's day," his triumphant spirit passed the portals of the skies. A neat coffin was provided, and a grave secured in

Greenwood, where his earthly remains were left to repose until summoned by the archangel's trump.

During his illness he had expressed much solicitude respecting that part of his family whom he had left in Ireland, with the expectation that they would soon follow him to this country. When it became evident that he was sinking, and that they would no more meet on earth, he expressed a strong desire that some of the friends would write to them, and tell them that the promises of God had all been verified in his experience, and that now when every earthly support was failing, the rock on which he had built his hopes for eternity, stood firm beneath him; and that although they would never meet again on earth, he confidently expected to meet them all in heaven. After his decease, that letter was written to his wife in Ireland, and very soon an answer was returned by his widow, expressing the warmest thanks for the kindness which had been shown to her suffering husband, and praying that heaven's richest blessings might rest on those who had thus administered comfort to the dead, and to the living.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST OF THE BLENNERHASSETTS.

The vicissitudes of fortune is a subject of trite and common remark. In every rank of life, through all the grades of human society, the changing wheel of fortune is elevating and depressing families and individuals; and no prophetic eye can read the destiny of the man, as it gazes upon the unconscious infant, slumbering in the cradle. The insignia of wealth may be stamped upon everything which greets that infant's waking, wondering glance—tones of love may wake its young affections, and cherish them into strong and happy life; parental care may multiply its fostering influences, and centre all its ambition in schemes for the elevation and aggrandizement of that darling child, and yet—and yet

"A whirlwind from the desert comes, and sweeps them in the dust;"

And many a cherished one of earth lives to encounter its fiercest tempests, to feel its keenest pangs, and to prove "how much the human heart can

bear," ere it breaks, and bleeds, and dies. We may read and hear and believe, but we do not realize the force of facts like these, until they are actually brought within the sphere of our own vision; and then, in our new and powerful interest, we forget our past experience, and an almost irresistible influence impels us to narrate the story to others, in the hope of awakening a sympathetic feeling, and perhaps, receiving their practical aid. This is our apology for the following narrative, which is not as relevant to our Mission work proper, as are the former histories related in this little book; and yet it was in the prosecution of our Mission work, that this sad history was brought before our minds, and it was within the range of our Mission walks that the subject of our sketch was first found, and in the prosecution of its regular duties was he again providentially thrown upon our care.

Who has not heard or read of Blennerhassett, so famous in his connection with Aaron Burr, fifty years ago? Who has not dwelt with pleasure, on the picture, drawn by the eloquent pen of the celebrated Wirt, of the Eden, in the Ohio river, ere the tempter entered to betray and to destroy? And who has not burned with indignation or melted with sorrow, over the fearful desolation which swept that happy home, when the sad

alliance with Aaron Burr was consummated, and the full result of treachery was felt by its innocent and unsuspecting inhabitants.

While all was bright and blooming in that happy isle, ere "coming events had cast their shadows before," to awaken the slightest apprehension, a proud father and a happy mother bent rejoicing over the couch of an infant boy who seemed destined to enjoy all that earth could promise of luxury and ease. Fond hopes and joyous anticipations were indulged, and through a bright vista of happy childhood, promising youth, and successful manhood, they saw in imagination all that the fondest parental hearts could picture or desire.

Alas for the reality! That boy is the subject of our simple narrative—and for the benefit of our youthful readers who may not be familiar with the previous history of this celebrated family, we subjoin a sketch, ere we proceed with the facts, which have been so strangely brought before our notice.

"Harman Blennerhassett, the father of the subject of our narrative, was the son of an Irish gentleman, but born in England during a temporary visit of his parents. If not of the Irish nobility they were at least of the superior gentry of their native land; and their son, educated at Westminster and Trinity College,

graduated with honor, and entered upon the study of the Law at King's Inn—how successfully, is shown by the significant appendage of L. L. D. which occasionally accompanies his name. An Irishman, and an Irishman living during the excitement of the French Revolution, Blennerhassett could not but feel deeply the depressed state of his country, yet preferring the paths of literature, and the quiet of domestic life, to the turmoil of the political arena, he soon after his marriage with Miss Agnew (daughter of the Lieutenant Governor of the Isle-of-Man, and grand-daughter of the celebrated general of that name, who fell at the battle of Germantown,) left Europe for New York in 1797, determined to make this country the land of his adoption. After some inquiry, he purchased a beautiful island on the Ohio river, and there built a residence, in whose construction, economy and simplicity were unthought of. "The sum of sixty thousand dollars, it is said, was expended by Blennerhassett, in fully establishing himself in his new abode. To the mind of the voyager descending the river, as the edifice rose majestically in the distance, spreading its wings to either shore, the effect was magical; and emotions were produced, not unlike those experienced in gazing on the Moorish palaces of Andalusia. There was a spell

of enchantment around it, which would fain induce the credulous to believe that it had been created by magic, and consecrated to the gods. On a nearer approach was observed the beautifully graded lawn, decked with tasteful shrubbery, and interspersed with showy flowers; while a little in the distance the elm threw its dark branches over a carpet of the most beautiful greensward. Beyond these, the forest trees were intermingled with copse-wood, so closely as to exclude the noon-day sun; and in other places they formed those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacies of which the eye delights to lose itself; while the imagination conceives them as the paths of wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. The space immediately in the rear of the dwelling was assigned to fruits and flowers, of which the varieties were rare, excellent and beautiful; and the manner in which they were disposed over the surface, unique, elegant and tasteful. Espaliers of peach, apricot, quince and pear trees, extended along the exterior, confined to a picket fence; while, in the middle space, wound labyrinthine walks, skirted with flowering shrubs, and the eglantine and honey-suckle flung their melliferous blossoms over bowers of various forms. On the south was the vegetable garden; and, adjoining this, a thrifty young orchard, embracing

many varieties of fruit, promising abundant supplies for future use, not entirely neglecting the useful for the ornamental. Blennerhassett had cleared a hundred acres below, and cultivated, in great perfection, the various crops adapted to the soil. The hall was a spacious room—its walls painted a sombre color, with a beautiful cornice of plaster, bordered with gilded moulding, running around the lofty ceiling, while its furniture was rich, heavy and grand. The furniture in the drawing-room was in strong contrast with that of the hall—light, airy and elegant; with splendid mirrors, gay-colored carpets, classic pictures, rich curtains, and ornaments to correspond, arranged by Mrs. Blennerhassett, with nicest taste and harmonious effect. A large quantity of silver-plate ornamented the side-boards and decorated the tables. The whole establishment was chastened by the purest taste, and without that glare of tinsel finery, too common among the wealthy."

This sounds like a fancy sketch, does it not, dear reader? Yet this Eden of beauty once existed, and here resided the parents of him whom we will soon introduce to you in scenes of startling contrast. In this favored spot the days of his infancy and childhood were spent; and here amid scenes of such unrivalled

beauty, the artist-spirit awoke to life, and expanded, and received such strength, that all the miseries of his mature years have failed to extinguish, or even to weaken it.

It would be unnecessary, in a sketch like this, to enter into the controverted points relating to the celebrated conspiracy of Aaron Burr. After his unsuccessful nomination for the Presidency of the United States, disappointed in his hopes of political preferment, deeply chagrined by the more peaceful measures of Jefferson, and probably wrung with remorse for the death of Hamilton, he determined to enter into schemes of conflict and aggrandizement so extensive, as would almost blot from his mind the memory of the past, and transmit his name to the future as a conqueror, the compeer of Pizarro, or as Charlemagne, the founder of a Western Empire. Whether treason to the United States was meditated, we will not now inquire; but in the prosecution of his design, it became necessary to secure the co-operation of the most influential men of the West, and Blennerhassett was too conspicuous to be overlooked. On Burr's first visit to the Island, Blennerhassett was absent, having gone to New-York, to meet and welcome to America, his former playmate and friend, the celebrated Emmet. But a second visit was more successful,

and as this interview has been eloquently alluded to by the distinguished William Wirt, we give it as descriptive of the domestic situation of Blennerhassett, ere he was betrayed into those schemes which subsequently proved his ruin. "A shrubbery which Shenstone might have envied blooms around him; music which might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the mysteries and secrets of nature. Peace, tranquility, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife who is said to be lovely, even beyond her sex, has blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, this tranquility, the destroyer comes; he comes to turn this paradise into a hell, yet, the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank he has lately held in his country, he soon finds way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor; the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The

conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous——.

"Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The poisoner, (Burr) in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate taste for glory; an ardor panting for all the storms, and bustles, and hurricanes of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte." Into Burr's ambitious plans, Blennerhassett freely entered, and soon they were matured and ready for execution. The result of Burr's expedition is matter of history. Rumors, which not only connected him with warlike designs against a nation with whom we were at peace, but which dared to affix treason to his name, were rife in the land; and by orders

from Washington, he was arrested, and carried there to stand his trial for the crime alleged. He was acquitted, but his country refused to believe him to be innocent, and after an unsuccessful struggle to retrieve his fallen name, he retired from political life, and died unhonored and unsung. Blennerhassett, as an accomplice of Burr, was also arrested and carried to Richmond, and there confined in the gloomy walls of a prison for some time; but as Burr was discharged on the indictment against him, those against Blennerhassett were not prosecuted. He was merely required to enter into bonds to appear upon requirement at Chillicothe to answer to a charge of misdemeanor, for preparing an armed force, whose destiny was the Spanish territory, of which, however, no notice was ever taken.

Thus ended the conspiracy of Burr. But, alas! not so ended the misfortunes of Blennerhassett. His pecuniary affairs had become embarrassed. His beautiful mansion had been regarded and used as public property. Almost bankrupt in purse, and with a family dependent on him, he knew not where to look for help in his fallen estate. He made an unsuccessful attempt on a cotton plantation in Mississippi; but ten years passed slowly away, and the prospect of regaining a fortune became less and less flattering. A temporary hope led

him to dispose of his plantation, and remove to Canada. But, alas! the hope allured only to destroy. Leaving Canada, he returned to Ireland in 1822, there to prosecute a reversionary claim, which, in his more prosperous days, he had regarded with indifference. All his efforts were unsuccessful, and finally, he sunk to his last repose, in the island of Guernsey, attended by the faithful wife who had shared his every joy, and solaced (so far as devoted affection could do) his every sorrow. After his death, the heart of that stricken one yearned to embrace her child, and she returned to New York, and with a devoted slave, and an affectionate son, strove once again to create an atmosphere of love in a quiet, though humble home.

For a few years they struggled on; but who can portray the sufferings of that lovely and accomplished woman, as visions of the past rose before her mind? The lovely mansion, the devoted husband, the playful, happy children, the troops of servants, the crowd of friends, all, all would pass in sad review, making the dark present still darker by the contrast; while, as she gazed upon her feeble, suffering son, unfitted by his long privation for those arduous struggles by which alone he could have regained his father's lost property, and thus been reinstated in his former position in soci-

ety, the future must have seemed shrouded in more than midnight darkness. Sad forebodings filled that mother's heart, and planted their thorn in her dying pillow. The saddest have all been realized by that idolized son, who cannot even now refer to that tender parent, without exhibiting the most intense emotion, which causes his delicate frame to shake as though the fiercest ague were expending its power upon his physical system.

We shall give but a simple outline of the dark picture which has been strangely and unexpectedly brought before our vision, and leave our readers to *realize* the contrast and deduce the moral.

One morning, Mr. E., one of the visitors of the Mission, invited a lady to accompany him on a visit to a most interesting old gentleman, whom he had found in the vicinity of the Mission. She immediately complied, and on the way, was informed that his name was Blennerhassett.

They entered a forlorn and comfortless room, and found an interesting looking man, delicate and refined in appearance, even amid the utter poverty which surrounded him; and whose manner and language gave unequivocal evidence that he belonged to a different position in society from that which he then occupied. He

was attended by a colored woman, whose every look and act betokened the most entire and devoted attachment to her master. Yet, no familiarity of word or manner intimated that she had ever forgotten the relative position which, from his birth, she had maintained towards him.

He received his visitors cordially, but with considerable emotion. He referred to his past history and his present circumstances; and he and the old colored woman wept together, as past scenes of happiness and of misery were described. He referred with much bitterness to those who had crowded around his father in the days of his wealth and prosperity, and who could forget his son amid adversity and sorrow.

"Do you see that black woman?" he exclaimed, as she was about leaving the room, "she has more heart than all the people I have known. She has clung to me amid all my poverty and sorrow, without the slightest prospect of remuneration or reward. My father was the friend of hundreds. He set up merchants and mechanics, he patronized literature and the arts, he was courted and flattered in his days of prosperity, and when splendid *fêtes* were given to Aaron Burr and Blennerhassett, there were enough found to do him homage. But when the storm burst upon his devoted

head, how few were found to rally around him, or to befriend his innocent and suffering family! I am poor. I cannot work. I am too infirm; and this old woman (turning again to his devoted servant) has done for me what all the rest of the world have failed to do—given me a quiet home, and a grateful heart." Yet, as he spoke, the look of interest was succeeded by one of sad and mournful import.

The visitors relieved his pressing wants, spoke kindly to his attached servant, and left to meet the other claims which were pressing them on every side.

Months rolled away, and the old man removed his residence far beyond the lady's walks. But he was not forgotten; and again and again he was referred to with interest, and commented on as one of the saddest instances of the reverses of human fortune. A record of this visit was preserved, when again in the most incidental manner, his residence was discovered. Two of the ladies immediately called. It was a decent-looking house, but the hall and stairs proved that it was *only* a tenement house, and with sad forebodings, we ascended to the upper story. We knocked at the door, and a faint voice said, "Come in." We entered. One glance at the desolate-looking room, uncarpeted and unwarmed, at the miserable bed, without a pillow or proper cov-

ering. One glance at the pallid face and shaking form of its invalid occupant, and we sat down, (accustomed as we were to scenes of misery) almost powerless to act or speak. Such a tale of want and woe, of physical and mental suffering, was revealed; such loneliness and seeming neglect; such a contrast with what we knew of the early years and prospects of the unfortunate man, that the heart would swell, and the tears would flow, though the trembling invalid had raised himself upon his arm nervously, yet politely, enquiring who we were, and what we wanted.

"We are friends," said Mrs. D——, advancing towards the cot, "and we have called to see if we could not aid you; if we could not do something to make you more comfortable." He gazed at her earnestly, and said, "I know your countenance. Who are you?" She mentioned her name, recalled the past to his mind, and then gradually led him to the recital of his own woes and wants.

Many questions were asked and answered, and much information elicited, but in a broken and sometimes incoherent manner on his part: and we could not describe the interview and give it the interest it possessed for those who saw and listened to the mournful tale in that cold and dreary room. We promised him permanent

relief, and assured him that so far as our means and our influence could prevail, he should never again know the destitution from which he had so deeply suffered. We told him God had sent us, and we hoped to benefit his soul and body. We left, and immediately sent him sufficient bedding and clothing to make him perfectly comfortable. In a subsequent interview, many facts were related. For though weak in body, and occasionally confused in expression, his memory seemed unimpaired, and he gave a continuous account of his past life. To our utter surprise, we found he was but fifty years of age, though we had judged him much older from his appearance.

We sketch his history as narrated by himself. "I was the second son of Harman Blennerhassett, bearing my father's name; and was born on the Island in the days of my father's greatest prosperity. My infancy and childhood were guarded by the love of a most devoted mother, and my education during my youth was mostly superintended by my father at home. I afterwards went to school in Canada, and finished my education. Then having a predilection for the law, I entered the office of David Codwise, in New York, and studied three years for that profession. Not being particularly successful, I found my early taste for paint-

ing, reviving in all its strength, and resolved to yield to the visions which were forever floating through my brain, banishing all legal details, and unfitting me for the prosecution of that arduous profession. I placed myself under the instruction of Henry Inman, and soon became a proficient in the art, and supported myself comfortably by my labors. During this time, my parents were in Canada and Europe. But in 1831, my father died, and my mother returned to this country. We took a house in Greenwich street, (that colored woman accompanied her) and although straitened in our means, did not suffer from actual poverty. My mother's health and heart were broken, and she rapidly declined. Watched by that faithful servant and myself, she sank peacefully away, and was interred in Robert Emmet's vault, by a few faithful and sympathizing friends. It is false," he exclaimed, with the utmost indignation, "it is false, that her last days were spent with an Irish nurse. It is false, that sisters of charity followed her to the grave. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was buried according to their form, in Mr. Emmet's vault; and the man who wrote that life, knows nothing of my father's history. For all the authentic documents are in that trunk," pointing with his finger, "and I only can supply them.

I aided Wallace to write his sketch. I lent the papers to Matthew L. Davis, when he wrote the life of Aaron Burr, and I alone can give the proper information for my father's biography. Why did they not apply to me?

"After my mother's death, I moved to —— street, where you first found me; and since then, I have lived here. An old friend pays my rent, and a kind Irish woman assists me in my room, &c.; but I am feeble and suffering. I am dreading paralysis, and, ladies, I need attention, and such as you only can give." And as he spoke, his frame shook with a strong nervous agitation, and he turned imploringly from one to the other, and was only soothed by the promise that they would do what they could to make his declining years comfortable and happy. May there be "light in the evening time!"

The Little Italian Boy.

Giovanni C. was a little street beggar, with ragged clothes, unwashed face, and long tangled hair; oaths were the only English words he knew, and the only

change from his dingy miserable home, was to the debasing scenes and polluting influences of the Five Points. The entrance to his home, which is near "Farlow's Court," is through a covered alley, leading into an area which gives access to the upper stories of several houses, up the old wooden stairs, through the low dark hall, to the front room, into which, however, we can only advance for a few steps. A cradle is the first thing we stumble against, then comes the stove, a high bedstead on one side, and a table on the other, while in the corner, on a chest, stands a hand-organ. Various articles of wearing apparel, among which a pair of heavy boots is most conspicuous, are displayed upon the blackened walls, while on a clothes-line, stretched diagonally across the room, hang many garments to dry. On one side of the table sits the owner of the hand-organ, who speaks a little French, but is as ignorant of English as the other Italians in the room. On the other side is the father of the baby in the cradle. These two men pay half the rent of the room, which is four dollars a month, and the other half is paid by the father and mother of Giovanni. The father is almost blind, and his plain features are slightly scarred by the small-pox. The mother has a fine face, large black eyes, olive skin, and regular features, and when

young must have been handsome. She has been disabled in consequence of a fall, and she never leaves the room. Do they not look back with longing to the sunny skies and lovely views of Genoa *la Superba*, their own native city? True they were very poor there, but poverty in their own fair Italia, with its mild climate, and its beauty of earth and sky, is far more tolerable than life at the Five Points. And the dream of brighter, better things than they had known in their own land, which played before their fancy as they sought the shores of this New World, must all have vanished at the touch of the hard cold reality. They had two boys, and Giovanni, the eldest, leading his father by the hand, would go out to beg alms of the passers-by in our great thoroughfares.

One day, my attention was attracted by the little neglected Italian. I had him washed, his long black hair cut, and having clothed him comfortably, led him to the Mission-school. He there improved so rapidly that in a short time he was appointed monitor to a little class of Italians, taught several evenings in the week by the wife of the Missionary. He continued in the Mission-school for more than a year, when I was enabled to obtain a good place for him. He is employed in packing mustard, and

he earns two dollars a week, by which he is enabled to support his parents, though in their own poor way, for cleanliness and order are as foreign to their habits, as is the English to their tongues, and total ignorance of the language removes them from the good influences which might otherwise be thrown around them.

Giovanni is now fourteen years old; he is their only child, for his little brother of nine, died last week; and the blind and the lame look to Giovanni for their support. I have engaged his tuition at an evening school, and Giovanni seems disposed to profit by the advantages afforded him. The ragged Italian beggar has been metamorphosed into a handsome boy, well dressed in a suit of grey clothes, the gift of his employer—with soft black eyes, fine features, a good head, and an expression of mingled sweetness and intelligence. One of the most hopeful *graduates* of the Mission-school, he seems already to belong to a higher class than his parents, and may prosper as well in the race of life as many whose opening years were crowned with the choicest earthly gifts.

Moral Influences.

"Go into the dark desolate places—bring out in Christ's name, the forgotten unwashed sons and daughters of want and sin, and pour into their minds the light of truth. It is probably their only chance for Heaven."

OLIN.

THE society have endeavored to unite every moral influence in their plans, respecting these children. Their object has been by education, by kindness, and especially by religious instructions, to prepare the minds of these little sufferers for the reception of that higher influence which alone can regenerate and save. They have always remembered that they were influencing children, and have, therefore, accounted innocent recreation as a valuable auxiliary in this great work. We give a few sketches as illustrative of our meaning.

Pic-Nic of the Five Points' Mission Sunday School,

JUNE, 1852.

"They came whence the pale mechanic's board,
The six days' toil had but scantily stored;
They came from the widow's lonely hearth,
Whence the prayer of the father no more went forth;
Some from the cot, where no mother's voice
Made the hearts of childhood and youth rejoice,
And some from the dwellings, where shame and sin,
Desolation and anguish had entered in."

In June, 1852, our Mission school was kindly invited by the Sabbath school belonging to Greene street church, on an excursion to the country.

On Friday morning, June 25th, the sun rose bright and clear; the atmosphere was remarkably cool; and at seven o'clock we hastened to the Old Brewery, where we found the friends who had labored in the preparations, clothing the children; pinning on each a badge, that we might know them, and reiterating much past instruction as to behavior, &c. Every face looked bright; the greatest excitement prevailed, and the scene was amusing and interesting to all beholders. We formed them in procession, and were surprised to

THE FIRST MISSION ROOM.

find how respectable we looked. Barring some bare feet, we would scarcely have been recognized as a Mission school. At eight o'clock we were seated comfortably in a commodious car, and started at a rapid pace for Hastings. We questioned the children around us, whether they had ever been in a car before. No! Had they ever been in the country? No! What pleasure there was before them—what entirely new scenes would greet their vision—how would their minds receive enlargement and elevation, when they gazed upon the clear blue sky, and saw nature in her glowing beauty! We looked beyond the mere day's pleasure, fully believing that some young hearts would receive impressions never to be erased, and which would in some way affect their entire future; that a desire, an ambition, would be awakened to escape the precincts of the Five Points, its degrading associations, which in this blessed land of light and liberty might be largely gratified. We had no trouble during the ride, and at half-past nine arrived at Hastings. We recollected that probably two-thirds of the children had not yet tasted food, so immediate preparations were made for breakfast. Mrs. B.'s kindness had provided amply for all, and we expended the first hour in supplying the wants of

one hundred hungry little rebels, who pressed around us wild with excitement and joy.

This task finished, they had permission to roam, under certain restrictions. Away they went with a shout, their superintendent keeping only a general supervision over their movements. After an hour or two, Mr. Perrigo, with a few who had gathered around him, commenced singing a favorite hymn; in five minutes he was surrounded by scores; he led them to a beautiful hill, arranged them in a semicircle on the grass, and for an hour the grove was vocal with songs of praise to God. This was the hour of deepest gratification to those who had the charge of that happy group. Gratitude for the past and present, and hope strong and believing for the future, took possession of our hearts, and we could but weep, and pray, and trust. Again they were disbanded, to roam at pleasure until three o'clock, when they were assembled and seated in ranks upon the grass, and treated to pie and cake.

At five, we again gathered them by singing. The Greene-street friends had some instruments of music, and aided us in this effort. They had been counted when we started, and it was now quite desirable to keep them still long enough to do the same; but this required considerable ingenuity on the part of their teachers,

for they had become almost uncontrollable from the excitement of their day's rambling. But by making soldiers of the boys, forming them in a line, marching and countermarching, and appealing to their military pride, we at last succeeded. We re-entered the car at six o'clock, and without accident or hindrance, arrived safely in New-York at dusk. On reviewing the day, the friends unanimously concluded that we had not had any more trouble with our Five Points than we would have had with one hundred children from any other quarter. Some were rather unruly; there was a little quarreling; but no bad words spoken, no marked and peculiar misconduct. And thus we learned anew the moral power of kindness. There was, there could be no authority than that which love created; and we found *that* sufficient, to control those who came from the homes where drunken parents raved, and uncontrolled passions had full sway.

Thanksgiving Supper at the Five Points.

NOVEMBER 27th, 1852.

"When thou makest a feast, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the *poor*, the maimed, the halt and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."—JESUS.

MONTH after month rolled away in connection with this mission, burdened with anxiety and care, until even its warmest friends felt almost sinking beneath the pressure. Thanksgiving-day was appointed, and we resolved for a little time to lay aside our ordinary duties, and, by change of occupation, to find relief, and bestow gladness.

The view presented was formidable, for many obstacles were in our path. But there were warm Christian hearts, determined spirits, strong wills, and liberal donors, united in action, and what could stand before such a combination? We were not permitted to have the room in which we had held our festival the two previous years, so the Advisory Committee engaged the mammoth Tent of the City Temperance Alliance,

which was erected in the little park, opposite the Old Brewery, and known as Paradise Square.

The morning of Thanksgiving dawned in cloudless beauty, and as the day advanced, not a shadow dimmed the horizon. The cool, pure atmosphere, and the glowing sunshine, seemed to inspire every heart with courage.

We met in the office of the Old Brewery, formerly the liquor store of the establishment. This was a low, long room, with cracked and stained walls, its only furniture, besides the Missionary's bookcase, being some benches, and the boxes of clothing supplied by our kind friends from abroad. Provisions began to arrive, and soon it presented a most ludicrous aspect. Turkeys, chickens, and meats of every kind mingled in sweet confusion with cakes, pies, fruits, &c.—evergreens on the floor, crockery on the window-sills and benches, huge piles of clothing waiting for distribution, visitors pouring in, childish faces peeping through every window and open door—commands, opinions, directions issuing from every quarter.

The tent is sixty feet in diameter, and very lofty. It is circular in form, and around it were tiers of seats, meeting at a small platform, where the speakers stood,

at the temperance meetings, and on the Sabbath, to preach.

Eleven o'clock arrived, and notice was given that the tables in the tent were ready for the ladies. The seats had all been removed, and four tables, nearly the length of the tent, and about three feet wide, had been arranged, two on either side of the furnace, leaving wide passages between for the visitors. Soon the evergreens were festooned around by the gentlemen, then the floor was strewed with clean straw, and table-cloths of white muslin laid over the tables. By this time, hundreds of ragged, dirty children, had collected around the tent and Brewery. The food, all gathered in the Brewery, had to be removed to the tent. A door-keeper was stationed at each place, a passage-way cleared, and then ladies and gentlemen were transformed into carriers and waiters, (we could not trust any of the little rebels to help, though we had plenty of offers.) As they passed through rank and file of the hungry watchers, loud cheers were given for each successive turkey, and three long and loud for a whole pig with a lemon in his mouth, and it was difficult to conclude whether it was most appropriate to cry over the want displayed, or laugh over the temporary plenty provided.

During the time of these preparations, others of a different character were transpiring. The ladies were trying to select, first our Sunday school children, and next any who seemed hopeful. These were washed and dressed, and then each received a ticket which admitted them to the Mission-room, where friends received and entertained them. In the tent was a scene of activity—gentlemen carving the meats, ladies cutting the pies and cakes, and forming them in towering pyramids, the younger girls filling paper bags with candies and fruit, workmen hanging the lamps, others filling a large wicker-stand with dolls and toys of various kinds. At half past four all was ready. On our tables were sixty turkeys, with beef, ham and tongue, in proportion, and sundry chickens, geese, &c. Pies, cakes, bread, and biscuit, celery and fruit, and candy pyramids filled the slight intervals, and the whole presented an appearance inviting to the most fastidious appetites. Plates and cups were arranged around for more than three hundred; the lamps were lighted, and the signal given. Hundreds of visitors stood in silent expectation, and in a moment the sound of childish voices was heard, and they entered in regular procession singing—

"The morn of hope is breaking,
All doubt now disappears,
For the Five Points are waking
To penitential tears;
And many an outcast, feeling
Bowed down by sin and shame,
Finds pardon, peace and healing,
In the Redeemer's name.
Peace! peace! peace!
In the Redeemer's name.

"We children learn the lesson
In our dear Mission-school,
Then to our homes we hasten,
And tell of Siloa's pool;
And some have parents bending
Before the God you love,
Who feel his grace descending
To fit for Heaven above.
Grace! grace! grace!
To fit for Heaven above."

They took the circuit of the tent, and were then arranged, standing around the tables They stood, with folded hands, while all sang the doxology, and the Missionary asked a blessing upon the occasion. Not a hand was raised, not a voice was heard, until the ladies and gentlemen who had charge of the tables supplied their hungry visitors with food. Then all was glad commotion, and then was the time for joyous tears. Three hundred and seventy poor, neglected, hapless children, placed for an hour in an atmosphere of love and gladness, practically taught the meaning of Christian kindness, wooed and won to cling

to those whose inmost hearts were struggling in earnest prayer for grace and wisdom to lead them unto God. We gazed on them with tearful eyes, these

> "Children, who seldom know a parent's care,
> In whom the woes of elder years are seen;
> Whose earliest steps must be upon a snare,
> Unless some watchful stranger intervene,
> And stand those frail young things and the dark gulf between."

And many a resolve was formed to be more zealous with, and for them, than they had ever been before. They ate and drank without restraint until all were satisfied, then again formed and commenced singing. In the central aisle was placed the stand containing the toys and cornucopias of candy, and another filled with oranges and apples. By these, two ladies were seated. The children marched by them, in as much order as the dense crowd would permit, singing as they went, "We belong to this band, hallelujah," and in each hand the ladies placed a gift as they passed, until all were supplied. Then all the children left the tent.

There was now an interval of a few moments. The tables were hastily replenished, and then notice was given to the visitors, that the company now about to assemble were the "outsiders," about whom we knew nothing, save that they were poor and wretched, and

all were warned to take care of their watches and pocket-books.

They came in scores, nay in hundreds; they rushed in and surrounded the tables, men, women, children, ragged, dirty, forlorn. What countenances we read:

> "Victims of ceaseless toil and want and care,
> And here the sterner nature that will dare
> To live, though life be bought with infamy;
> Who law, or human or divine, defy—
> And live but to perpetuate crime and misery."

And the children who accompanied them, miniature likenesses, both physically and morally. Alas! alas!

> 'It needed no prophetic eye to see
> How many yet must the same ruin share."

And we could scarcely hope to snatch these from the vortex. We spoke to them words of kindness and encouragement, and they partook until not a fragment was left, and then quietly left the tent.

We felt as we looked upon them,

> "Tis fearful to look around and see this waste
> Of human intellect—the dark lines traced,
> Where every mark of mind the withering breath
> Of ignorance hath from the brow erased;
> The apathy that shows a moral death,
> The worse than death that lurks an eye of fire beneath."

Our weary company now hastened over to the Brewe-

ry, which was illuminated from every window, and again, with joy, we anticipated the hour when from our Mission-room a light would emanate, both mental and moral, of which this illumination would be only the foreshadowing and the faint emblem.

Thanksgiving Supper.

NOVEMBER 24TH, 1853.

"Send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared."
NEHEMIAH.

Every great moral enterprise has its outward and its inward history. These act and react upon each other, giving coloring, direction and stability to the whole; yet are so intermingled or entwined that it is oft-times difficult to decide which is the most predominant or even the most important part.

Deep in some human mind the germ first struggles into life. Revolved and re-revolved, it takes form; it gathers strength; it becomes too powerful, even for the capacious heart that conceives it. It is spoken. The thought responsive awakes in thousand other hearts. Discussion succeeds; the interest deepens, and concerted

action is the result. That action, that visible exponent of invisible thought and determination, is the epoch of the enterprise. It is *the fact* which embodies past thought, desire and resolve; and from which we start anew with more expansive thoughts, more intense desires, more vigorous resolutions, and with far deeper and more extended plans of action.

The purchase of "the Old Brewery" was *that fact* to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, the inhabitation of the new mission building was its sequel and the crowning point of its outward success.

If our readers will refer to the account of the last Thanksgiving supper, they will realize why thoughts like these rush in upon the minds of those who can trace the cause and effect of events which have occurred since the commencement of their Mission in this place. The links of the chain are visible to their internal or external vision; and while ever and anon they present some isolated fact to their interested friends, it is the *great whole*, so stamped with providential care and direction, which makes *them* grateful for the past, strong for the present, and hopeful for the future.

Last year, on this "festive day," we convened in the liquor store of the Old Brewery to make our preparations for the annual feast. It was a happy day—for

the famed old place was ours. Ours by purchase, by possession. Even then it was renovated. Redeemed souls inhabited it—happy children gambolled through its decaying rooms; the song of praise and the voice of prayer nightly reverberated through its dark apartments; but the future filled every mind and warmed every heart. We had plans that could not be prosecuted—hopes that could not be realized until the new Mission building should arise upon that firm foundation.

We had watched the demolition of the old building, and then the gradual rise of that which was to give our Mission stability and place, with feelings akin to exultation. We had witnessed the completion of the Mission House, and its dedication to the highest interests of humanity, with deep and solemn emotion. Revolving months had realized the success so fondly anticipated, and on *this* festive day, as we stood in our Chapel, or descended to the school rooms, or exchanged glad words with Christian friends,

> "Thoughts upon thoughts, a countless throng,
> Rushed chasing countless thoughts along,"

and we are sure our readers, our Christian readers, will enter into, and sympathize with, feelings too deep and full to find utterance in words. To such we dedicate our long digression.

On November 23d, the day preceding Thanksgiving, the "Five Points" was rife with life and activity. Hundreds of hearts were beating in pleasant anticipation of the approaching holiday, and sundry preparations gave due notice of its approach. In the Chapel were many young ladies, employing their time and exercising their taste in decorating it with evergreens. Men and women were performing the more menial services, which a very rainy week had made particularly necessary, and the Missionary taking note of the provisions which were already flowing in from various quarters. The usual speculations respecting the weather were freely indulged in, and that "it could not rain on our Thanskgiving," seemed to be the universal decision.

True to prophecy, and to hope, the 24th dawned in brightness upon our expectant host. We hastened to the Mission House, and there apparent confusion reigned. It looked as though the famed magician wand would be necessary to bring order out of such chaos, but past experience had taught us to smile at apparent impossibilities.

The wardrobe rooms were reserved for the preparations, and soon on every side, geese, turkeys, chickens, beef, salt and fresh, bread, biscuits, pies, cakes and

crackers, were placed in heterogeneous order, and scores of busy hands were carving, cutting and arranging them for the tables.

In the adjoining large school-room, the seats had been removed, and three tables, about fifty feet long, and capable of accommodating two hundred children, were ready for the feast. The school-room is particularly light and cheerful in its aspect; the bright sun shone through the clean windows, notwithstanding the scores of little heads and faces, which were peering in at every open spot to watch the preparations; and the inscriptions made of evergreens by the young ladies, contrasted agreeably with the white walls on which they were suspended. Arched over the teacher's platform we read, "I was naked, and ye clothed me, hungry, and ye fed me;" the authority and encouragement of our labor of love.

By one o'clock, the tables were laden with substantials, while the extras were held in reserve until a later hour. Visitors by scores now flocked in to express their interest, leave their donations, and then hastened with lighter hearts to their own annual gatherings, in their respective homes. 'Twas pleasant to realize how many kind hearts were sympathizing with the poor and needy, on whom no festive day would ever shine,

were it not created by the dwellers in happy homes, by those on whom the God of Providence had showered gifts so abundantly, and who had pondered until they practically believed the glorious truth: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In the Chapel, many hands were busy in completing the arrangements for the evening. It is a lofty room, with large arched windows, a plain pulpit, a neat carpeted altar, and a commodious back gallery. The wood is painted dark, and grained to resemble black walnut, while the walls are still in their pristine white.

High over the pulpit, forming a semicircle, was written in evergreen:

"Go ye into the highways and hedges."

Under this was placed the banner of the school of the society, giving the date of its organization, &c., as follows:—

Old Brewery, 1850.
Day and Sabbath School of the
Five Points' Mission
Of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society.

The pulpit itself was neatly wreathed with evergreens, and a large table in front of it was covered with an innumerable variety of toys.

At half-past three, the children of the school were admitted into the gallery of the Chapel—two hundred clean, well-clad and rapidly improving children. We pause to make a remark. On the last Thanksgiving day, we were obliged to make preparations to have the children washed and dressed under our supervision. Wearisome hours were spent ere two hundred could be made ready. At the laying of the corner stone we advanced a step. The clothes were all fitted the day before, and made into bundles with the names of the wearer attached. The children were directed to come washed and combed. Many of them were sent home, two or three times, ere our ideas of cleanliness were realized. Such as could be trusted, then received their bundles, the others were dressed in the Mission room. On the Tuesday of this week the society had been favored with a concert by "the Hutchinsons," and many of the children had at that time been supplied with the needful winter clothing; seven hundred and fifty garments having been distributed. They were now simply informed that they must come clean and well dressed from their homes or they could

not come to the supper, and without any further intervention of the ladies, two hundred came from cellars and garrets, from habitations too miserable for any to picture, who have not had some ocular demonstration of such scenes. They came, as we have said, all clean and happy, and to the observant mind there is a most encouraging fact behind this outward improvement. *The mothers* are reached, or this could not have been, and this is universal, or so great a number could not have thus appeared. Is not "the leaven working, which shall eventually leaven the whole lump?"

Visitors now flocked in, until the Chapel was crowded to overflowing, while the supper-room was continually thronged. The children sang some of their best pieces, and then the audience were addressed by Mr. Joseph Hoxie, an old New Yorker, whose emotions seemed almost uncontrollable at finding himself at the Five Points on such an occasion. He remarked that "he had spent fifty" Thanksgiving days, but that this only seemed worthy of the name. That never had such feelings crowded upon him, and that the audience must excuse his want of calmness while making his unexpected speech. He addressed the children affectionately, encouraged the society to persevere in their

work of love, and with much power exhorted the audience to aid to the utmost this glorious work.

Father Gavazzi was also present, and addressed the audience for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes. His enthusiasm was awakened by the scene, and the work going on there called forth his eloquence. At the time of his remarks, the Chapel, aisles, gallery, doorways, and every available spot within hearing, was crowded. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Luckey, the former pastor of the mission, "The Maine Law Song" was sung by the children, and a collection taken up, Father Gavazzi being one of the plate bearers.

At 5 o'clock it was announced that supper was ready. Stewed oysters, pyramids and ice-cream had been supplied (all sent as donations), and the tables presented an appearance of great abundance and luxury. The children descended from the gallery led by the missionary, all singing to a lively tune,

> "Children go, to and fro,
> In a merry, happy row,"

and making the circuit of the tables, until all were arranged. Grace was said by the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, and then commenced 'the tug of war.' Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, served as waiters to these Five Points gentry, and the visitors gazed upon the

scene with varying emotions. Some laughed, for it was ludicrous to hear the general refusal of beef and other common things, and the pleading tone of "I want turkey, or chicken, please ma'am." But many wept in hope and fear, for the future of this multitude of children was yet unwritten, and while these fostering influences were around them for good, yet evil influences were also pressing upon them with fearful power, and uncertainty was stamped upon their earthly and eternal history.

They ate until all were fully satisfied, and then reascended to the Chapel, and took their seats in the lower part of the room, to await the distribution of the toys, which filled two tables in front of the pulpit. These had been watched with longing eyes for many hours, and were now distributed, with candies, &c., according to the best judgment of two of the ladies.

During this interesting scene in the Chapel, another was enacting in the supper-room. The tables had been hastily cleared and replenished, and then the doors were thrown open, and the "outsiders," to the number of two hundred, men, women and children, rushed in and surrounded them.

What a scene? how can it be described? Have not our readers in their daily walks, sometimes met *one* man or woman, or child, so abject, so haggard, so

pitiful, that their inmost nature has been stirred to its depths, as they have seen how low humanity could fall, how nearly the Maker's image could be defaced? Imagine then two hundred such, casting furtive glances around, as if engaged in some unlawful work, and eating with a voraciousness which could not be appeased, while aught remained within their reach to satisfy it. Yet they were quiet, subdued, and left the room, when satisfied, as orderly as our more trained band. Others again partook, and when the last had departed, nought remained of our abundant stores.

We gazed on the last guests at our tables, with deepest interest, for these are the 'material' for future operations. We hope thus to make them feel that some are caring for them, even amid their utter degradation—and when the hour of penitence or of sickness comes, they will know where to look for counsel and for aid. We hope thus to draw the children, and therefore we view our annual Thanksgiving feast, not merely as a gratification of physical appetite, but as an important moral influence.

The anniversary has passed, but its pleasures will not soon be forgotten; and we indulge the hope that during the coming year, many, very many, will place themselves within the reach of those higher influences, which will eventually prepare them for 'the great supper of the Lamb.'

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISIT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"We know not from a burning brand,
Which spark kindles the flame."

In how many hearts has the desire to see the Crystal Palace, with its many wonders, been awakened, and how varied has been the nature of that emotion!

From a vague and simple curiosity to see the outward manifestation, without the slightest thought respecting the world of science and of art which stood thus revealed, to the most thoughtful analysis of the wondrous power of man's physical and mental nature, which is declared in each specimen of handiwork thus displayed, every phase of desire has been elicited and gratified.

When, therefore, that wish found utterance in the Five Points Mission school, it was deemed desirable to gratify it. From the earliest establishment of the mission, these children had awakened the most anxious thoughts of the Society. The question to be settled was not merely, how can we educate the mind?

Our successful public-school system had satisfactorily answered that; but how can we educate the hearts of children who have no homes in which their young affections are expanded, or their childish desires sympathized with and gratified?

A poet sings,

> "How little is the happiness
> That will content a child—
> A favorite dog, a sunny fruit
> A blossom growing wild.'

But that is only true where the young heart's deeper yearnings are first satisfied. There was a restlessness and wildness about these neglected children, which for a long time it seemed impossible to subdue, a selfishness which their independent habits of life had naturally engendered, and a grasping spirit which no amount of favors appeared sufficient to satisfy. Kindness, *which they could appreciate*, added to those higher forms which *we knew* would elevate and improve them, appeared to be the main element of success. And as their hearts could only be reached through their senses, we not only clothed and fed them, but took them to see sights and hear sounds; that by gratifying them in every way, those young affections, which in happier children are placed upon kind and

indulgent parents, might be transferred to us; and thus enable us to exert that *moral* influence which no scholastic training can create.

Again; the Society have remarked that these children are citizens of a free and happy land, in which are no insuperable barriers to the highest moral and social elevation of each and all, whose course is rightly directed, and whose ambition is properly awakened. Therefore, they have rejoiced in the opportunities of showing their children those public exhibitions, which each them that there is a world of science, of indusry, and of art, into which they, too, may enter, and earn a name and secure a position such as they see others now occupy and enjoy.

With much pleasure, therefore, we prepared to comply with the invitation of Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., President of the Association of the Crystal Palace.

The scholars assembled at the usual hour, prepared for their excursion, clean, comfortably clad, and happy. After receiving sundry directions relative to their behavior, they started with their teachers, the missionary, and a number of ladies connected with the mission, for he cars in Chambers street. A pleasant drive brought us to the Palace, which was hailed by a simultaneous shout from the delighted children. Again forming a

line, with the banner of the school before us, we entered the spacious building, singing "merrily, merrily," as we advanced toward the central dome, and formed a ring around the colossal statue. As the interest of the numerous visitors seemed to be excited by the children, and much pleasure was audibly expressed, the missionary engaged them in singing, while the necessary preparations were made by the superintendents and teachers. Six children were then assigned to each lady and gentleman, and we dispersed to roam at pleasure amid the bewildering scenes around us, with the simple direction not to touch any thing, and to meet at that spot at one o'clock.

That was a strange position we occupied once and again, beneath that lofty dome, which crowned this most perfect specimen of original design, and successful execution. Around us was the congregated wealth of nations—man's mental and physical power was stamped on every picture that entranced the artist's eye, or by its life-like power, evoked the passing gazer's praise—by every sculptured form which, in its inanimate beauty, seemed only awaiting the word which should speak it into instant and most perfect life—it was proclaimed by the powerful yet noiseless machinery which so fully accomplished its complicated, yet

strangely simple end. In all the varied forms of beauty, which met the bewildered gaze, was written the triumph of intellect, the subjugation of matter to the control of mind, the rapid approach of that glorious era "when that which is perfect has come, and that which is in part, shall be done away."

We gazed above, around, and the eye rested where—on what? Upon the children of the Five Points! denizens of one of the most morally degraded spots on this wide earth. Thought travelled back for years, when not one redeeming influence was resting upon them; it paused a moment on the present: they were there awakened into purer life, beneath the fostering care of Christian benevolence, and they would be where? when, amid

"The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,"

this "wide magnificence" of thought, design and execution, would be among the ephemeral things of earth—forgotten amid the inconceivable splendor of "the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Our meditations were soon banished by the innumerable questions pressed upon us—not very wise, nor pertinent to the scene, but still to be answered if

possible—for the day was theirs, not ours. We wandered around two hours, and if their anticipations were realized, it was well; for ours were not.

We had started in the morning with some very philosophic views. We thought we would watch the direction of unsophisticated tastes—we would listen to the expression of wondering admiration from uncultivated mind in its simplicity, and then we would make comparisons and draw inferences, and positively decide upon "innate ideas," and other similar points, which from ancient times have puzzled bookish men who had not the Five Points of human nature open to their inspection—but, alas! for our philosophy. Our *young ladies* only wished for the handsome dresses and big dolls! Machinery, painting and statuary failed to awaken their admiration, and as this evidence of genuine taste was not particularly flattering, we deferred our system until a more favorable opportunity. Other friends, however, were more successful. Writes one, "Being tired, we sat down. One of the little girls asked me if I thought Heaven was as beautiful as this place? I tried to explain the difference to her childish mind. I referred to the description of the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, and said, 'Maggie, do you know what figurative language means?' She signified her assent.

I dwelt upon the figures there used, and tried to make her understand how every thing that was beautiful and costly on earth was mentioned to represent those glorious scenes above; and assured her that all she saw in the Crystal Palace, were but faint emblems of those wondrous things which all would behold who would eventually enter into the Palace of our God. She listened with profound attention, and said, "Well, I am determined to be good, so that I can get there." "I am trying my best," said another little girl, "but I do not know what is the reason I cannot be good; some of the children are so ugly they make me so, too." I explained to her the way to grow better, &c. Another little one being asked what pleased her most, replied, "The Saviour and his Apostles are the very best things; the Saviour has such a loving face." On the following Sunday, that child referred to it again with the remark, "I seem to see Him all the time." Some of the boys manifested much interest in the machinery, and made some very thoughtful remarks. In after conversation we found that the case which contained the Lord's prayer, traced on a gold dollar, had riveted their attention most fully. On the next Sunday before school, one remarked to two of the larger boys, "What did you like best in the Crystal Palace?" One answered, "The

machinery;" the other said, "The things from France." "Boys," said the lady, "did you remember that all those beautiful things were made by men's hands, and that all those men were once boys, many of them poor boys, and if you are good and industrious, there is no reason why you should not learn to make such." Pat laughed and turned away his head, but his companion sat with his large expressive eyes riveted on the lady's face, and as she spoke, his countenance lighted up, and he was about to say that which she would have liked to hear, when the bell rang which summoned them to order and to prayer.

The utmost decorum was observed by all. We had felt it to be somewhat of an experiment, for in no other exhibition had there been so much to tempt them to touch and to handle. To our great pleasure we found that various influences produced as much self-control in these as in any other children who had gazed upon these exciting scenes. The superintendent of the exhibition remarked to one of the teachers, that among the many schools who had visited the Palace, the Five Points Mission school stood preeminent for order and good conduct.

At one o'clock, we reassembled at the appointed place, to be ready for some refreshments which had

been provided. We marched in order to the refreshment saloon, where we found a long table laden with abundant substantials, beside cakes and ice cream. The large punch-bowl filled with orangeade occupied the centre, and while we were thinking of the provident care of our superintendent, to our surprise we were informed that all had been provided gratis by Mr. Pettilier, proprietor of the saloon, who had only been informed that morning of our intended visit. If more than a hundred happy childish faces were a reward, if the silent gratitude of a score of more reflective minds was a compensation, for the trouble thus voluntarily assumed, then our kind host had a full measure awarded him during the busy hour spent in his saloon. We sang the doxology, the missionary pronounced the blessing, and then all partook until we believe all were satisfied. Mr. Pettilier was introduced to the children, and made a few appropriate remarks; after which his little son presented the children with a basket of candies, which were duly distributed among them.

One pleasing evidence of their regard for truth was given. At the conclusion of the feast, a fresh supply of ice cream was brought in. The taste for ice cream we have found to be rather excessive, and very difficult to satisfy. The remark was made, that if any child in the

room had not been helped to ice-cream, he or she might come forward and get some. The Superintendent stood by the inviting pyramid, and waited for the suppliant. But not one child, from the rank of one hundred, moved or spoke.

Once more we formed and left the saloon, again sang, again surrounding the statue, marching until notified that the cars were ready, when we left the splendid palace with grateful hearts for the many favors thus bestowed upon our Mission school, and with the full assurance that this visible proof of what the Ladies' Home Mission Society had already effected for the children of the Five Points would strengthen their hold upon the public interest, and lead to yet more liberal aid for their establishment.

Conclusion.

Our simple annals are ended, and we give them as the best exponent of the operations of the Society, and their results so far.

When the Mission at the Five Points was commenced, no thought of the publicity which has since attended it was anticipated by the ladies, who quietly and unobtrusively attempted the experiment. They believed its success to be possible, because Christianity had wrought moral miracles in foreign heathen lands, and could and would effect the same, if properly and patiently brought to bear upon the heathen of a nominally Christian land.

When Mr. Pease was appointed by the Conference to aid them in carrying out their long cherished plans, they pledged themselves to raise nine hundred dollars a year for his salary, which was paid.

Being dissatisfied with him as an agent and missionary, the Board unanimously resolved not to ask his reappointment to that station, and the Rev. Mr.

Luckey succeeded him at the commencement of the second Conference year. Finding their progress impeded by want of room, and relying upon the public sympathy which had been warmly manifested, they called a public meeting at Metropolitan Hall, in Dec. 1851, at which Anson G. Phelps presided, and Francis Hall was acting Secretary. The large sum of four thousand dollars was raised at that time, for the purpose of obtaining a permanent location.

By this time the Five Points Mission had arrested so much attention, and awakened so wide an interest, that the Common Council of the city voted the appropriation of one thousand dollars towards the purchase of "the Old Brewery," which had been decided to be the most eligible place; and to aid the Society still more in their contemplated purchase, another public meeting was held, in the winter of 1852, in the same place. At this meeting the Mayor of the City presided, thus recognizing the Mission as a public benefit, and nearly five thousand dollars was again pledged. This general sympathy from all classes and denominations gave a new impetus to the Society, and enabled them to form wider plans, which have since been carried into successful operation.

The experience of four years has taught us that the

idea of drawing off the population of the Five Points through the agency of any institution is chimerical in the extreme; both because of the numbers who compose its population, and their unwillingness to enter into any plans which would restrain their liberty. In a vast majority of instances they cling to their own homes with a tenacity which is truly astonishing, when we consider their wretchedness. We desire to take advantage of this *fact*, and by Christianizing those homes, to kindle lights throughout these dark regions, and teach by the *contrast* they present, that "godliness is profitable to all things, having the promise of the life that *now is*, and that which is to come." As well might missionaries in foreign climes send away their converts to Christian lands to save them from the influences around them. Do they not rather retain them as one of the strongest evidences of Christianity? Do they not say that the influences of these purified family relations are of incalculable benefit to the mass around them?

The Society have no controversy with any institution, but are perfectly willing that such an one should exert all the influence it can over the limited number it can shelter. The work of this Society is still untouched; for theirs is the high ambition to send

abroad an influence which shall renovate the Five Points. Their design is, to visit the sick, to relieve the poor, to clothe the naked, to educate the children, to warn sinners to flee the wrath to come, to lead the penitent to an atoning Saviour, and never to consider their work complete until renewing grace has transformed these degraded outcasts into obedient children of the living God. The Mission has been made public, the eyes of the Church and of the world are upon it, and it is our hope and continual prayer, that through it God may give a demonstration which may be seen and read of all men of what His grace can accomplish, in raising the fallen, purifying the degraded, and saving the lost.

We have already spoken of the plans which, with increased means, we hope to carry out. We hope, when the debt on our Mission House is liquidated, to erect a back-building with more tenement rooms, where poor families can cultivate the virtues of cleanliness and sobriety—rooms where work can be given to the industrious—a hospital where the sick can be removed from low damp cellars, and where all needful care can be taken of the suffering body, while the wants of the undying soul are not unheeded; and a reading-room, made inviting by light, and warmth, and pleasant

books, and kind words to those who have no cheerful friends or happy homes.

These are some of our plans for elevating the condition of these people, and we would tremble at the magnitude of the work which seems demanded of us, did we not cherish the hope, that when the true aim and object of this Mission is fully known; when the clouds which misrepresentation and misconception have caused to obscure our true purpose and design, have been dissipated by the light of truth, and the evidence of facts, too striking to be misunderstood—that then the Christian Church of every name, and philanthropy of every mode, will gladly aid us in carrying out this grand experiment of love and mercy

THE END.

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